

Children's Newspaper, February 4, 1928

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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## QUEER SIGHT IN SOUTH KENSINGTON

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Seven

### A DOCTOR AND A HERO

#### THE MAN WHO GAVE HIMSELF PAIN

The Way Our Knowledge  
Grows From More to More

#### OLD FRIEND OF THOMAS HARDY

At Forston House near Dorchester there lives in quiet retirement a physician, known to nearly every doctor in the world, who has given up for ever the work that made him famous and lives only to give the benefit of his vast knowledge to those who seek it.

He is Sir Henry Head, Fellow of the Royal Society, the holder of many distinctions from the scientific societies of Europe and America; and he is almost helpless from a form of paralysis on which he is the greatest authority and which in his working days he did so much to alleviate in others.

#### A Heroic Experiment

For many years Dr. Head was the chief physician on nervous diseases at the London Hospital. Those he has helped among the poor are numberless. What made him most famous among patients, both poor and well-to-do, was his vast knowledge of pain. If ever a physician had a patient he could not cure, suffering from pain due to some mysterious disorder of the nervous system, he would always send the patient to Dr. Head. Dr. Head was the Pain Doctor.

His researches on the nervous system and the brain are historic, but his knowledge of the nature and causes of pain dates from a heroic experiment he made on himself twenty years ago.

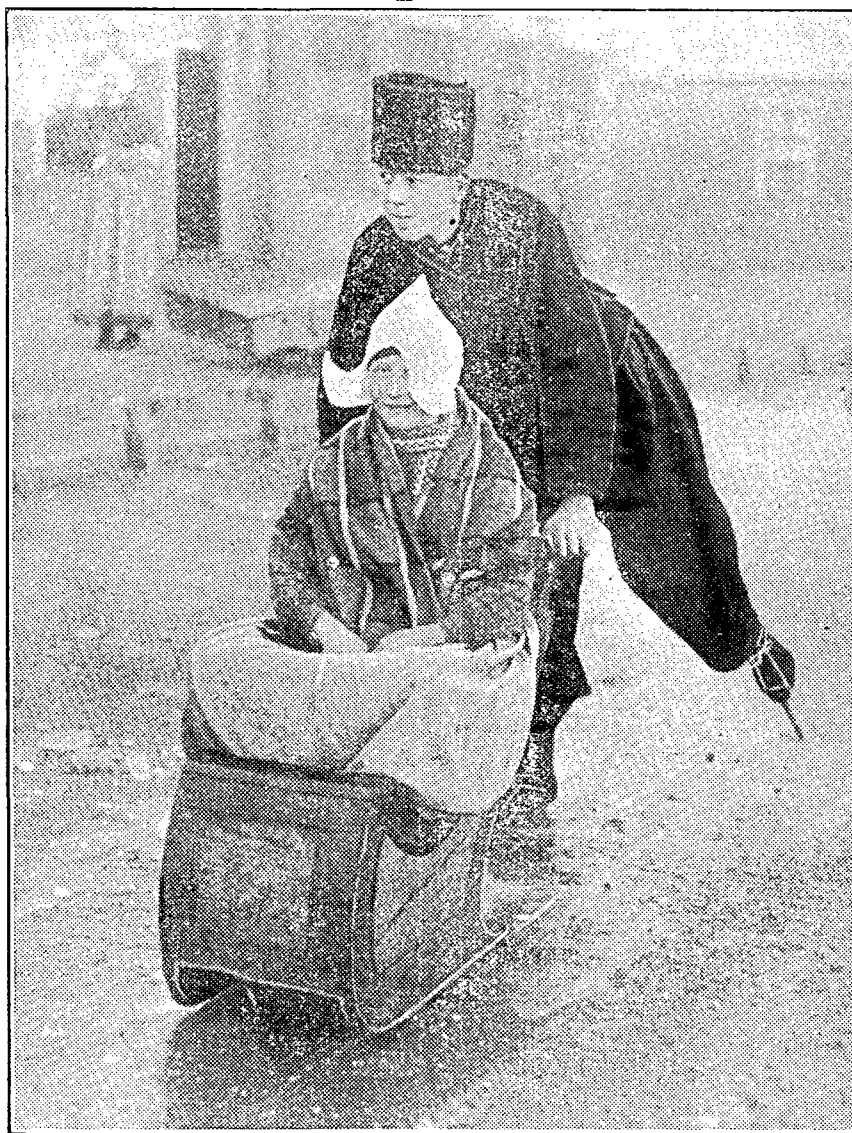
He wanted to find out which of the twisted strand of nerves that joins the brain to the muscles and the skin was responsible for the sensations of heat and cold and touch and pain. He took the heroic course of having the nerves of his own arm severed, and for long weeks he watched and noted the return of sensation as the nerves gradually healed.

#### A Gift to Humanity

It was very painful. Some of the experiments on himself he willingly made proved agonising; but he learned for himself and for medical science just what the individual nerves did and what messages they carried. When his arm at last healed the scientific world knew something about the nervous system and the brain which might never have been learned otherwise. It was a gift to suffering humanity. It was the first contribution to that knowledge which made Dr. Head the doctor of pain.

It was this thoroughness, added to profound insight and an immense industry, which made him one of the greatest authorities of our time on the brain. During the war he did an incredible amount of work on the injuries to the nervous system arising from head

### Quick Transport in Holland



A Dutch boy and girl in their picturesque costumes are here seen setting off for a run on a frozen canal. Such scenes are common in Holland after a hard frost at this time of the year, when the transport question is easily solved.

wounds. His knowledge and his skill were sought in many foreign countries, and when he was invited to America to lecture on his work doctors from all over the United States crowded to hear him.

He was in the full tide of his unceasing work, patients were crowding to his doors, when he perceived in himself the first symptoms of that mysterious deadening of the nerves which he had treated in others and of which few knew so much as himself, though it was first described a century ago. Suspicion that it had attacked him grew to certainty, and he knew it was incurable. It would leave the powers of his brain unaffected, but it would slow his body down, and he recognised that it might make him less efficient in his work as a physician.

So, with the self-sacrifice that never failed him, he gave up his appointments, relinquished his great practice, and left London. Only before he went he determined to finish one part of his life-work, which was to write his wonderful book on the part the brain plays in teaching us to speak. This monumental work has the scientific name Aphasia, but it might be called Speaking and Thinking.

When that was done he went to live with his devoted wife in Dorset. He can hardly walk, he can no longer write, he moves his limbs with great difficulty. One of his pleasures used to be to drive to see his old friend Thomas Hardy; nobody misses the old writer more.

His whole life has been like that. He will not admit that the experiments he made on himself had anything to do with his affliction. If anything is to blame it is overwork. He worked till the over-tired system revenged itself on him. But he is content.

#### 60 YEARS ON A BOAT

The Norfolk Broads has lost one of its familiar figures. James Fuller has passed away.

He had lived most of his life for 60 years on a houseboat, getting his living by fishing and reed-cutting and (we are sorry to say) with his gun. It is said that he once killed eleven birds with one shot.

He had not slept in a bed for nearly 60 years, but he died in one, and his favourite dog was killed by a car just before he died.

### SNATCHING VICTORY FROM DEFEAT

#### AN EXPLORER'S GREAT ADVENTURE

Crossing Greenland's Icy  
Mountains from Shore to Shore

#### FATE OF DOG AND PONIES

A piece of Arctic exploration in which determination, grit, and a bit of good luck snatched victory out of defeat is recalled by the death of Colonel J. P. Koch, chief of the Danish Army Air Force.

It was in the summer of 1912 that Colonel Koch, with Dr. Wegener and two others, set out to accomplish the tremendous task of crossing Greenland's icy mountains from shore to shore.

From the moment of their landing in the east misfortune dogged their steps. Thirteen of their 16 ponies broke away, and three were never recaptured. The motor-boat went to the bottom, and soon afterwards Dr. Wegener fell and broke a rib.

#### Down a Crevasse

Winter overtook them in the midst of the inland ice, and they went into camp. Falling short of food for the ponies, some of them had to be killed and given to the others as food. Then, during a sleighing expedition, Colonel Koch himself fell 40 feet down a crevasse and broke his leg.

When the journey was resumed in April there was a march of 1750 miles still to be accomplished, with only five ponies left to draw the five sleighs. Blizzards came, and three of the ponies went blind and had to be killed.

As the summer advanced a new torment came. The Sun became so powerful that it burned the skin from their faces and covered them with raw wounds. Food had given out, and the last pony had to be slaughtered on the very day the green lowlands of the west coast, abounding in pasture, came in sight from the snowy heights. Its loss was a real grief to its human companions, for it had struggled gallantly with them over 700 miles of ice and snow.

#### Sailing-Boat Sighted

But worse was to come. In the lowlands was fodder for horses, but as yet no food for human beings. They reached the coast, their cross-country journey completed, but the nearest human habitation was still far away. For 35 hours they were without food, sheltering under a projecting rock, all attempts to resume the march defeated by their exhaustion from hunger, cold, and wet.

One four-footed friend remained with them, their dog; and they killed and cooked him! Just as they were sitting down to this distressful meal a sailing-boat hove in sight. The boatmen took them to the little colony of Proeven, where they were kindly treated, and from there in due course, restored by food and rest, they sailed back to Denmark.



## THE GREAT AND THE SMALL A MEMORY OF THOMAS HARDY

Why He Ran Away One Day in His Garden

### THE DOG HE LOVED

By a Reader Who Saw Him Once

All the world has been honouring the memory of Thomas Hardy. Is it a small thing to remember chiefly about this great man that he was overwhelmingly modest?

It was the contrast between his behaviour as host and the manners of a certain flatterer that remains in my mind. The scene is a grassy lawn and the opening of a marquee. Thomas Hardy and his first wife (this is back in the nineteen hundreds) were entertaining a literary club, a mass of people who had chartered a special train to visit the haunts of the characters in Hardy's stories and then their creator at Max Gate, Dorchester. This is what I remember of the party.

### Hard Thinking

Among us are several considerable literary people, not one of whom could write a paragraph about Egdon Heath with a touch of Hardy's great manner. We are feeling very humble indeed as we glance at the wrinkled, handsome face of our host. "Thoughtworn" was one of his own adjectives; and if ever a face bore traces of hard thinking Hardy's did.

One of our party, a youth in very high spirits, self-assured and only longing for a chance of expressing himself in really brilliant style (is he not the author of several novels?), runs straight into his shy host and, face-to-face, begins his speech. Perhaps he meant well, but meaning well is often not enough.

### Scorning Flattery

"Sir (said he), allow me to voice to you here and now the most ardent admiration, the heartfelt abounding enthusiasm of some of your most devoted readers. May I most respectfully, most warmly, affirm to you that the whole world regards you as..."

Two things followed: a glimpse of a wrinkled face, troubled eyes, a shrinking gesture, an old man embarrassed, perhaps even terrified, by fulsome praise; then a swinging round, a retreat, a young man barked in the sunlight, his mouth wide open, cut short in his address of congratulation, disconcerted.

The great man had bolted, scorning flattery. Thomas Hardy ran away.

### Easy With Their Words

I was just sending this to the post when the gardener came in and began, after hastily discussing the purchase of vegetable seeds, to talk of Hardy and the days when he knew him in Dorset. Here are some of the things he said:

"In and out of the cottages for miles and miles round we all knew Mr. Hardy, and he seemed to love to come in and talk to everybody and be one of them. He used to tell us grand long stories, making them up out of his head. And Miss Hardy, his sister that kept a dame school, what lovely stories she could tell! And his brother, the builder, he was a fine natural orator, a local preacher who could go on preaching, I thought, without any trouble for a week. They were all so easy with their words."

I said something, and the gardener went on: "Ah! You could always get a talk with Mr. Hardy if you stopped to praise his dog. That was when he had become a great and famous man. He loved his dog to be praised more than ever he loved praise himself."

## TWO WAYS WITH DISARMAMENT Talking and Doing

There is a great deal of difference between talking about armaments and reducing them.

Three years ago the House of Commons passed a measure providing for a five-year programme of cruiser building to replace vessels that were wearing out or becoming old-fashioned. Nine large cruisers and nine smaller ones were to be built in these five years.

Last autumn it was announced that of the one large and two smaller cruisers due to be started this year only one would be proceeded with; now this remaining one has been also abandoned.

This means a saving of five and a half millions to the British taxpayer. But it means more than that. It tells America that, though the Geneva Disarmament Conference failed, we do not want to enter into a shipbuilding race with her.

The American Navy Department has planned to build many new cruisers as large as our largest. While America talks of disarmament and builds new warships Britain is talking less and abandoning more. That is the practical way.

## THE MAGIC FOUNTAIN Something New in Street Signs Coming

A magic fountain playing in a fairy garden was lately arranged in the grounds of the Broadmoor Hotel at Colorado Springs, where electrical engineers were attending an Illumination Conference.

Invisible ultra-violet light was projected by special lenses upon the flowers, shrubbery, and evergreens. The foliage had been sprayed with chemicals which glow brightly in ultra-violet light, and each flower glowed in some beautiful soft colour not its own. There is a fountain in the centre of the garden, and the water had been chemically treated so that, bathed with the invisible rays, it became a stream of vivid colour.

A great deal of new work has been done in the way of using ultra-violet rays to make these phosphorescent materials glow at night, and some very remarkable street signs of an artistic kind may be seen in London before long.

## ROBIN AFRAID A Sad Little Story

Someone has given us a sad picture of a bird afraid—even a robin, which is rarely afraid of man.

The robin was looking for a home during the wintry weather. All its usual hiding-places were blocked by snow. It found a hole in the earth, went down there, deep down, and stayed there.

The robin had taken refuge in a coal mine. No one knew until one morning when a man walked along the tramline in the mine and saw a robin perched on one of the coal trucks. It was a sad little robin, lonely and hungry.

The man tried to catch it, knowing that robins look on men as their friends and are fond of human company. He knew that you cannot dig in a garden but a robin will come from somewhere and perch near by, watching. He knew that you cannot work in a wood, binding faggots, but a robin will come from somewhere and bear you company.

But this robin was afraid. Perhaps it had suffered too much from weather and lack of food to be its usual courageous, perky self. In a panic it flew into the coal wagon and beat its way from side to side. The man tried hard to save it from itself, but the robin dashed from wall to wall, and fell down dead.

## FRIENDS OF THE POOR THE LAWYER GIVES UP HIS FEES

One of the Fine Things About Our English Courts

### K.C.S FOR NOTHING

None is so poor in this land of England that he may not have justice. The judge in a court of the King's Bench the other day went a little out of his way to congratulate one of the King's Counsel learned in the law who had given up for nothing three of his days to present the case of a poor cook-housekeeper before the court.

The King's Counsel is one who, if the client had been rich, would have received very heavy fees. Mr. Norman Birkett, for it was he, showed in the most practical way that there is not one law for the rich and another for the poor by winning the case for his poor client.

### A Notable Triumph

This is not an example that stands alone. Another famous counsel recently gave up nearly three weeks of his valuable time for a poor woman without reward—except that of winning the case for her, which was a notable triumph because it was re-heard three times.

This unpaid help is one of the fine customs of our English courts. It is one of the things of which the High Court is very proud, and the court carefully guards itself and the generosity of counsel against abuse by people who might otherwise rush into litigation without good reason. It is the poor person who has a right to lay his or her own case before the court who is thus doubly helped.

In the Court of Session, at the Assizes, or at the Old Bailey, the prisoner is helped as a matter of course. If he has no money the judge will appoint a counsel to defend him, and the county will pay the fee.

If he can rake together as much as a guinea in shillings and coppers he can command the services of any counsel in the court. The fee he pays is called a "docket" because it is handed from the dock, and, so handing it, the prisoner may point to any of the bewigged barristers and say he will have that one. He has been known to point to the prosecuting counsel!

## EYES ACROSS THE SEA Television Making Haste A FACE IN AMERICA SEEN IN LONDON

Today the beams of wireless carry sound over continents and oceans; tomorrow they will carry light and vision.

The first step has been taken. Last year in a darkened room in London sat a man. In another room was placed a screen, and through brick walls wireless waves carried the sight of the features of his face, the movements of his hands.

That was the first step which counted. But a greater stride is now announced by the company which is perfecting this plaything, the invention of Mr. Baird, trying to make it as big as an ocean, a continent, a world! The wireless vision has been sent from New York to Long Acre, north of the Strand in London.

It was a dim vision of a man's face and hands. It could not always be seen, only under favourable conditions; but it is more than the first step. Television is on the way.

## TROTSKY LOSES HIS POWER

### Lenin's Friend in Exile

Trotsky, Lenin's other self, has been exiled to a lonely village on the Chinese border. Under Tsardom he was sent to Siberia; now he has gone again.

The man who helped to make a tyranny has by that tyranny been struck down. He is lucky, it is said, to have escaped with his life.

All-powerful a few years ago, Trotsky has now for long found himself reduced to the position of a mere critic among the real rulers of Russia. They have been too moderate to please him, and he has said so. A dictatorship cannot brook criticism, whether for its moderation or for its excesses, but it hesitated to strike at Lenin's friend, once the idol of the Red Army.

### Near the Chinese Frontier

Now it has found courage to do so, and no one has dared to offer a rebuke. Zinovieff, the former head of the Red International, with other opponents, united only in their hostility to Stalin, have been exiled too, but in different directions. Trotsky's own destination is a village near the Chinese frontier.

In the first Russian revolution of 1917 banishment to Siberia was abolished with the abolition of the Tsardom; but later the Bolsheviks revived it, and now Trotsky himself, successor to the power of the tsar, goes out to exile as he did so many years ago.

### A VERY CLEVER MAN

A very wonderful thing happened the other day, when a one-armed man held his audience spellbound by his playing of the piano.

Mr. Douglas Fox was born a musician, but the war made a soldier of him, and in it he lost his right arm.

"There is an end of his playing," his friends must have thought, but the gallant man determined that it should not be. He has developed so amazing a technique that critics listening say "The first sensation is of surprise that a single hand can cover the keyboard so effectively and do so much; but soon we forget the limitations under which he is working, and think only of the delicate and thoughtful music he makes."

The man who gave this remarkable recital is now director of music at Bradfield College.

## THINGS SAID

Success is the ability to laugh at sixty as gleefully as at six. *A friend of ours*

A trouble may be an opportunity hiding behind a shadow. *Wayside Pulpit*

I believe there are in Stepney more Jews than in Jerusalem.

*Mr. Harry Gosling, M.P.*

We are the only nation in the world that has pudding every day.

*Dr. H. Campbell*

Anything in this world which comes to stay takes time to come.

*British Weekly*

The man who won't pull his weight has no right to a seat in the boat.

*A church poster*

The dilettante learns less and less about more and more; the specialist more and more about less and less.

*Lord Hewart*

If I can get into people's heads that their salvation lies with themselves I shall not have lived in vain.

*Mr. Baldwin*

When a man runs a hundred yards in 11 seconds he expends as much energy as if he were to jump twice the height of St. Paul's. *Professor A. V. Hill*



## A BOY AMONG RED INDIANS

### Life in America's Ancient Lands

#### THE DELIGHT MAKERS

A few years ago two boys in America were killed and offered as sacrifices to war gods.

The news will astonish most Europeans, who think of America as the most modern of countries. We are apt to forget that America is a vast continent, and in some parts of it people are living almost exactly as their ancestors lived before the birth of Jesus.

A thirteen-year-old boy, Deric Nusbbaum, has made an expedition with his parents through Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, and Utah, living among the Indians there and keeping a journal. The result is a book called *Deric and the Indians*, published at 6s. in Putnam's Boys' Books for Boys series, and it is far the most interesting of the volumes yet published.

#### Old Tribal Dances

Deric's father is a distinguished archaeologist, and the boy has grown up amid talk of excavations, fossils, ancient civilisations, and Indian legends. There are national monuments in Colorado older than our ruined abbeys and castles. When the days of constant warfare passed the cave men came down into the plains, where their descendants live to this day in houses with clay walls and flat roofs. They make the same sort of pottery and the same kinds of weapons as are found buried in the cliff dwellings. They dance the old tribal dances, and sometimes they still worship the old gods.

Deric was led up a mountain to see some of the pagan shrines. The one to the twin gods of war was piled high with votive offerings of wood, painted to represent the deities. Once two Indian boys guided an American writer to the spot, and he stole two of the offerings. The angry Indians failed to catch him, but they sacrificed his two guides at the shrine instead.

#### Sacred and Comic

Because Deric's father showed reverence for their art and history the Indians allowed him to witness their games and dances. The sacred dances are nearly all comic. Long ago, the Indians say, men were very sad, so the gods sent some half-divine beings to make them smile. They were called the Delight Makers, and became the first priests, since when the Indians of the south-west have thought that anything amusing must be sacred.

The most famous of the dances is the Hopi Snake Dance, which is held in August and in which live rattlesnakes are whirled about. The priests are often bitten, but such is their knowledge of medicine that they never suffer seriously from the bites.

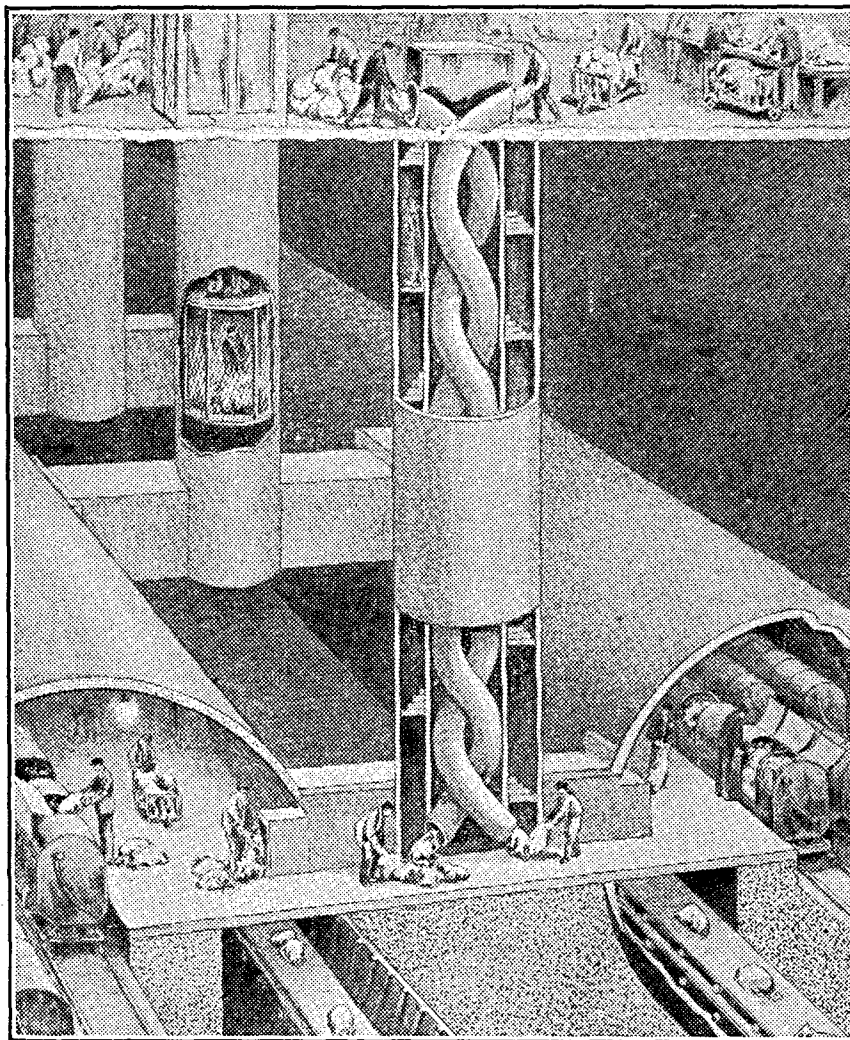
#### Lovely Pottery

Deric's book leaves an impression of colour. Under the blue sky women in brilliant shawls watch dancers in eagle-feather headdresses and velvet shirts, or they sit in their one living-room, big and cleanly, with brightly-painted walls hung with garish portraits of saints. There they make lovely pottery.

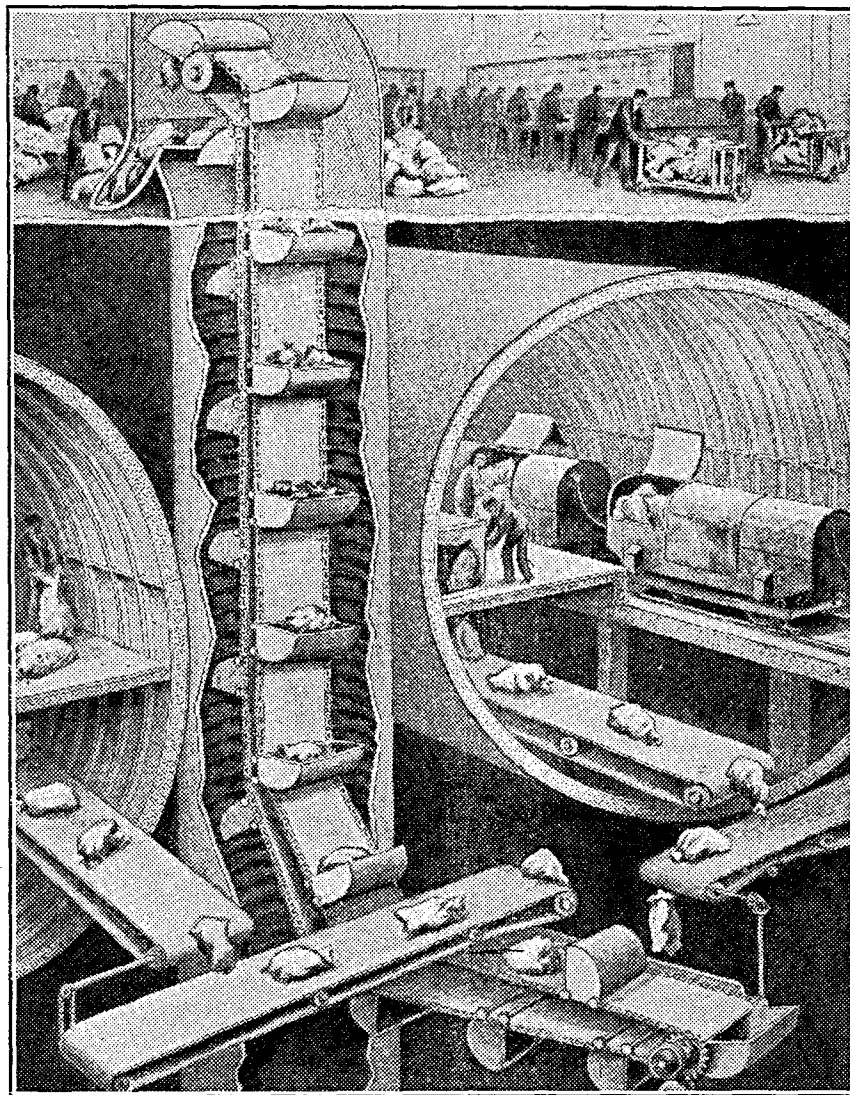
The most famous potter, Marie Martinez, wears Indian dress but owns a motor-car. The car was blue-grey, too quiet for an Indian, so her husband painted it all over in red, black, and yellow patterns!

Many people will be grateful to Deric for the news that the Indian Pueblos of the south-west are still truly Indian, and have changed very little since the Spanish conquest.

## LONDON'S MOST WONDERFUL RAILWAY



Lifts and spiral shoots taking the mail bags down to the station



Endless conveyors carrying up the bags

The Post Office railway which runs under London from Paddington to Whitechapel and helped to ease the Christmas postal rush will soon be in regular daily use. These pictures show how the mail bags are sent down to the trains, while bags that have arrived are automatically carried up a shaft. The trains have no one on board, and are controlled by electricity from the stations.

## NATURE'S MOVING PICTURES

### JACK FROST ON THE TRAIN

Designs That Come and Go as We Ride Through Winter

#### THE UNSEEN FINGERS

By a Travelling Correspondent

A travelling correspondent in Switzerland sends us these notes on a point which will interest many of our readers.

Winter brings many beauties for us to appreciate, and among them none is more exquisite than the window-pictures so swiftly painted by Nature's most skilled artist, Mr. Jack Frost.

A winter railway journey in some frost-bound country is made entirely fascinating by his unseen fingers. True, we sometimes wish he would leave some corner of the window-pane untouched, so that we might see the landscape, but that is not his way.

#### Series of Exquisite Designs

He does his work so thoroughly that the windows are covered and hermetically sealed inside by a thick band of ice, growing ever thicker as each of his succeeding pictures disappears and leaves its moisture streaming down the panes, to be quickly frozen again as it reaches the ice bar. So that, whether we will or not, the windows remain tightly closed, and we have for our enjoyment a series of exquisite designs to charm us as we rush along.

Third-class coaches on Swiss trains are saloons with about a dozen large windows, each of which offers an excellent canvas to winter's artist. At each stop the heat of the carriage frees the panes of all the ice particles with which they are encrusted, leaving them quite clear.

#### Fairy Fern Fronds

Then the train moves on again, and immediately the pictures begin to grow. Each pane becomes covered with fairy fern fronds, exquisitely grouped, and the same kind of fern decorates each window. The train slows down, and while it is at rest the fairy pictures disappear, never to be seen again. Then quickly, as we move on again, other pictures form and grow to completion, but not fern fronds. This time they are long, waving stems of magic seaweed, marked with regular blobs, reminding us of the mysterious vegetation that divers find in the deeps.

Again the train stops, the designs disappear, and entirely new ones take their places as the train moves, a pattern of fringed giant fern following one of short, bushy things, and others forming in endless variety.

#### Two Remarkable Facts

Two facts are remarkable in addition to the never-failing wonder of this lovely tracery. The pictures which follow one another are each time entirely different both in design and detail from all that have gone before, and Jack Frost, sketching on each of the dozen windows at the same moment, uses the same material for each design, though grouping it in a dozen ways. Whether fairy fronds or waving seaweed be chosen, that and no other is used for all the pictures appearing together; never fronds in one and seaweed in another at the same time.

Does this artist of Nature work by some definite rules? Does he, for example, always sketch fairy ferns when he works at a certain temperature or with a certain amount of moisture or magic seaweed when working at another temperature and with more moisture or less? Given temperature and moisture, is it possible for scientists to produce these pictures at will?



## MAKING THE DEAF TO HEAR

### Carrying Sound By Touch WHAT THE TELETACTOR DOES

Four years ago a professor of psychology, Dr. Robert H. Gault, tried an experiment which looks today as if it might almost enable the deaf to hear.

Dr. Gault talked into a speaking tube which was held in the hand of a student. From the feel of the vibrations of the tube students were able to pick out spoken words and identify them.

Dr. Gault, encouraged by these early experiments, has carried on, under the auspices of the National Research Council of the United States, the work of helping the deaf to hear, and has invented an instrument into which anyone can talk, the vibrations of the voice causing a little instrument held in the hand of a deaf person to vibrate in sympathy.

#### Hearing By Feeling

Dr. Gault has pointed out that if we have ten apples in a row we can shift them about into more than three million different positions. The Teletactor, or vibrating instrument which the deaf person holds in his hand, has only five parts; the fingers and thumb are pressed gently against these, and by the feel of the vibrations a deaf man can be made to understand the words that are being spoken into a microphone which sets the Teletactor in motion.

The famous Bell Telephone Laboratories have helped Dr. Gault on a generous scale, and with their aid he has been able to work out a really astonishing electrical system of translating speech into touch.

It is not an easy matter to train deaf people to understand speech by touch, but sufficient work seems to have been done to show that a deaf person can be trained to understand what is being spoken into a microphone by merely feeling the vibrations of the Teletactor.

## POSTAL CURIOS

### One Hundred Thousand of Them

A most interesting collection of 100,000 postal curios, collected by a retired Post Office official has been bought by the Union of Post Office Workers to save it from leaving the country. If it were added to the Post Office's collection a permanent museum could be formed.

Among the exhibits is a letter inscribed:

*With all possible speeds,  
hast hast hast,  
post hast hast  
for life.*

It was written on May 24, 1639, and brought Civil War news to Colonel Fairfax from Sir E. Osborne, who commanded the army in Yorkshire.

What was post haste in those days? One of the exhibits tells us. It was a letter sent from Dover to the Admiralty by post-horses, and this was its timetable:

Dover . . . 12 a.m. Rochester . . . 8 p.m.  
Canterbury . . . 3 p.m. Dartford . . . 2 a.m.  
Sittingbourne 6 p.m. London . . . 6 a.m.  
That was the fastest they could do before telegraphy.

Another exhibit which makes us glad to live today is a stout truncheon. It was supplied to postmen for use in case of attack by Chartist rioters in 1848. Nowadays the postman has no need of weapons, but once he had to brave many dangers, and there are flint pistols in the collection to remind us of highwaymen, while a telescope from a mail packet turns our thoughts to pirate times.

Certainly there is romance in the history of the post, and it seems to deserve a museum.

## C.N. COUNTRY POSTBOX

Our Country Postbox is full of interesting things, and we give a few of them here.

#### A DOG'S SYMPATHY FOR ITS FRIEND

Some animals, living in close contact with their human friends, seem to know when they are in trouble and try to show sympathy. They also certainly at times are interested in the troubles of their fellow animals. A reader sends us an illustration of the dawning of such feelings in a young dog.

The dog is a collie puppy. One day lately a son of the family brought home his own dog, another collie, and left it in the kitchen with the maid. Presently the dog began whining at the door for his master. The puppy watched him with concern, and then went to his box and fetched from it his own playthings: a ball, a rubber bone, and an old shoe, and offered them to the older dog, as much as to say, "Don't cry; play with these."

Again, when the maid was upset and sat crying he did exactly the same thing, fetching his own playthings and laying them in her lap.

Are not here the dim dawns of a sympathy allied to our human care for all things that have recognisable feeling?

#### THE RESTLESS CAT

We have often given instances where animals have felt a sense of danger and have roused their human friends to make them aware of it. Sometimes they are restless in the presence of what is unusual. Here is an example from one of our readers.

Last night my mother on retiring to bed left an electric light burning downstairs by mistake.

She was soon awakened by the cat pawing her face and refusing to lie down. At length she got up and took the cat downstairs, and then discovered the burning light.

It really seemed as if the cat felt that the light ought not to have been on, and did its best to draw attention to it. Perhaps the fact that the cat is night-loving by nature may have had some share in causing its restlessness.

#### A TOMTIT AT HOME

A Devonshire reader tells of an unusual experience in rearing a tomtit and keeping him in a domesticated state.

He was brought to her by a boy who had found him before he was properly feathered, and who could not discover the nest from which he had come.

This happened eight months ago, and the bird is living still in what appears to be a happy captivity. He was brought up on bread and milk, fed to him from a toothpick until he could feed himself. By that time he had so endeared himself to the household that they could not turn him out. Nor did he seem to want to go. Once he was lost for five hours, but a neighbour brought him back.

He causes much amusement by his mischievous ways, stealing and hiding anything shiny. He lives free in the house, and is only put into a cage to be hung outside on sunny days. He enjoys the game of being chased to recover things he has stolen. He is very fond of toffee, and will creep into a pocket where he thinks it is secreted.

Our correspondent says she sends the story because she feels we shall be interested in a tomtit being kept in a house so long. Well, we are; and we do not see, in the circumstances, what else could be done with a bird so brought up, and unacquainted with the ways of the bird world.

#### Pronunciations in This Paper

Ngami . . . . .	Neh-gah-me
Patiala . . . . .	Put-e-ah-lah
Rabat . . . . .	Rah-baht
Seismograph . . . . .	Syee-mo-graf
Thermopylae . . . . .	Ther-mop-e-le

## OLD AARUP AND HIS NET

### Pathos of a Man Who Lost His Way NEW WAY OF CATCHING FISH

A Government inquiry into the fisheries of Victoria Nyanza has brought to light a pathetic story of an old Scandinavian fisherman named Aarup, who lived and died in the Kenya country.

He found a fishing industry on the great lake which had probably continued unchanged for thousands of years, and revolutionised it at a stroke by introducing a new way of catching fish. This was with a new kind of net supplied from Ireland and known as the 5-inch flax gill net.

For a time the change led to extraordinary catches, but natives and Europeans alike rushed to adopt the new method. Soon the crocodiles and hippopotamuses made havoc with the nets, and the takings fell away. But the new method has come to stay, and the Government investigator believes that if every European left the country tomorrow the natives would be found in hundreds of years still using Aarup's net.

Aarup himself came to a sad end a few years ago. Old and almost blind, he was out on a coffee plantation near Nairobi one dark night and lost his way. A storm came on, and the old man died of exposure before he could be found.

## THE DUKE AMONG THE SALVATIONISTS

### What Changes Time Brings

It would have made our grandfathers rub their eyes in wonder to hear that the Duke of York is to attend a festival of the Salvation Army at Clapton.

In the early days of the Salvation Army it was not considered respectable, and people who were careful of their dignity gave it a wide berth. Its members were constantly being fined and imprisoned as breakers of the peace, chiefly because they insisted on holding open-air meetings where the authorities thought they should not be held. The mob often attacked them, and sometimes there were riots.

No doubt the Salvation Army leaders have learned something since those days, but the British public has learned more. Credit for much of the change must be given to the Duke of York's grandfather, King Edward, who had a great admiration for General Booth, and had him invited to his coronation against all official advice. After that, when the General went on tour, mayors and aldermen gave him great receptions!

## TWO WAYS OF DEALING WITH COAL

The proof of the pudding is in the eating. We may also say the proof of the coal is in the scuttle.

When in 1895 coal prices had fallen with the fall in the world's consumption of coal British and German coal-owners considered what they must do to keep their share of the smaller market.

The British coalowners said, "We must reduce the pay and increase the hours of our miners." The German coalowners said, "We must improve our methods of producing and selling our coal." Both have carried out their programmes, and we have news of the results in both cases.

With improved methods, but with higher wages and shorter hours than ever, the German coalowners had an output last year from the Ruhr four millions higher than in 1913. With lower wages and longer hours, but with no appreciable improvement in method, the British coalowners had an output of 32 millions less than in 1913.

## OLD JOHN HAWKINS

### The Glory and the Shame of Him

### PLYMOUTH HAS A NEW PORTRAIT

Plymouth Art Gallery has just been presented with a notable treasure.

It is a portrait of Admiral Sir John Hawkins painted by Federigo Zuccheri in 1591, four years before the famous seaman died of fever off Porto Rico. The portrait is a half-length one, superbly painted on a panel, and belonged to the Hawkins family till the proprietors of the Western Morning News purchased it for the town.

Plymouth is rightly proud of this son of the town. He was born in 1532, and helped to defeat the Spanish Armada. He showed his courage and seamanship on several other occasions, to the great satisfaction of Queen Elizabeth, who made him a knight and appointed him treasurer of the Navy.

#### Selling Slaves

Yet Plymouth admits there is a blot on his memory. In 1562 Hawkins sailed to Sierra Leone, took three hundred Negroes, and sold them in San Domingo. It is said that this was the beginning of such slave traffic, and brought untold misery to the West Indies.

We must remember that slavery did not horrify our ancestors any more than prisons horrify us, for the appalling traffic in human beings had always existed and seemed to them part of the plan of the Universe. Sir John, in spite of the part he played in the slave traffic, was not a heartless man, for he founded a hospital at Chatham for disabled sailors.

While we grieve for the stain on his honour let us remember that he paid for his sin by defeat and a tragic death. For the rest we may remember him as a very brave seaman who faced England's enemy in her hour of blackest peril.

## MOROCCO MOVES

### The Sultan Mounts the Iron Horse

### YOUNG MAN MAKING HASTE

At last a Sultan of Morocco, who in old times would have journeyed to his capital on horseback accompanied by a thousand horsemen, has gone from Rabat to Fez in a train. Sultan Mulai Mohammed is young. Only eighteen Moroccan summers have passed over his head. He can do what he wills.

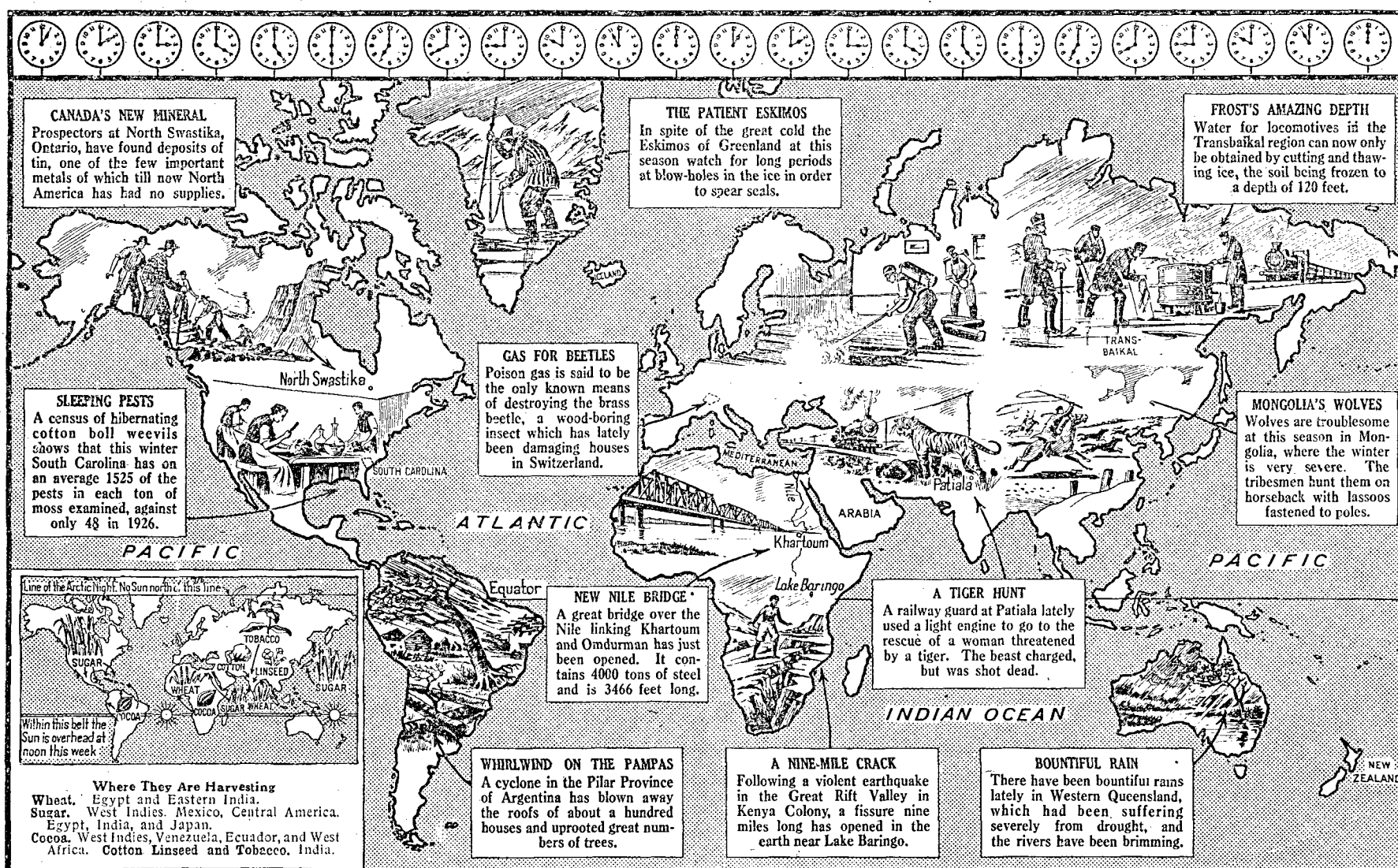
Yet hardly more than eighteen years ago there was not a wheeled vehicle in Morocco, nor any wheel at all except the potter's wheel. It is a great step forward he has taken thus to trust himself in a carriage drawn by a fiery engine which many good Moroccans a generation ago would have regarded as an invention of the Evil One.

They are not so particular about motor-cars. Along the magnificent roads which the French have built between Casablanca and Marrakesh, Rabat and Mequinez and Fez, motor-omnibuses ply, and often the traveller may see them pass laden with Moors clinging to them like a swarm of bees.

Speed is coming to Morocco, but there are still old-fashioned Moors who prefer the immemorial donkey as a means of transport. To an English lady who once went to interview Raisuli that remarkable brigand chieftain said that the Moroccans were better without motor-cars or railways. His phrase was that if the true Moroccan were offered a lift in a car he would reply: "God make you strong! I thank you, but I am in no haste. I have my donkey." But Raisuli lives no longer, and the spirit of new Morocco is moving with the times.



# PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



## A TRAINLOAD OF SWALLOWS

### How They Reached the Sun

Mr. E. G. Boulenger, who is director of what to many readers of the C.N. is the most wonderful place in London, the Aquarium at the Zoo, has written a fascinating book in which he tells us all sorts of remarkable things about birds and beasts, not excepting sea-serpents.

In a chapter on "Weather Prophets" Mr. Boulenger says that birds from the very earliest times have been regarded as weather-wise, but evidently he has no very high opinion of swallows from this standpoint.

The swallow, he says, while setting forth from this country confident of a fair passage is frequently caught and killed by sudden tempests and even snowfalls. Then comes a story that some years ago thousands of swallows were caught on the French side of the Simplon Tunnel and were saved by the humane railway authorities, who loaded them into a goods train and released them in the sunshine of Italy.

We sometimes hear that the people in Southern Europe are not so kind to birds and animals as they might be, but a story like this helps to balance things.

## TOO MANY PEOPLE AT THE ADMIRALTY

### A Chance For the Chancellor

The Admiralty has long been notorious as one of the most extravagant of our spending departments, and it is good to hear that it has received a check.

A Committee of the House of Commons finds that the staff in Whitehall, which numbered 1900 before the war, is now over 3000. Yet the number of sailors it has to control has dropped from 150,000 to 100,000 and the number of ships from over 600 to less than 400.

Making all allowance for the greater complexity of naval science of today, this is an anomaly that must be corrected.

## AN ENGINE WORKING BEFORE WATERLOO

### What It Has Seen and Done

In the year before Waterloo was fought an English-made beam engine was installed in a silk mill at Taunton, and it has been at work ever since.

The ladies who attended the Court of George the Fourth may have been indebted to it for part of their finery; it had a hand in the new clothes people ordered for Queen Victoria's coronation; and girls who read the first novels of a young writer called Charles Dickens wore its products. Yet it lived on to serve girls who read the C.N. Not till now have the mill-owners decided to replace the beam engine of 1814 by an electric motor.

There are few people who can say, as that engine could, that they have done nothing but give pleasure. Never a yard of ugly, workaday stuff has it made, but only gleaming silk for parties and balls. Little maidservants have saved up to purchase its products, and felt like princesses when they rustled out on Sunday.

Happy old engine, spinning rainbow for more than a century! We hope it will not go to the scrap heap.

## WHEN THE POST OFFICE WILL NOT PAY

When we pay to have a parcel registered it is as well to know what security we buy.

A lady at Eastbourne has received by post a present of an ostrich feather from South Africa. It was badly damaged on the journey, and as the parcel was registered she wrote to the Post Office for compensation.

She received a polite letter back saying that the damage was much regretted, but that there was no arrangement for paying compensation for damage to parcels from abroad. If it had been lost instead of damaged, it was explained, that would have been different.

## A WILD FLOWER FROM BERMONDSEY

### What Gerard Found

There are many fine things in Bermondsey, such as kindness, pluck, and a love of fun; but the most loyal friend of Bermondsey will confess that there are also dark streets, evil smells, sooty factories, grimy gutters, and sordid public-houses.

How startled they will be when they turn the pages of Gerard's Herball for the first time! Gerard was a botanist who lived in Shakespeare's day, and in writing of one wild flower he says that he found it "in a ditch side against the right honourable the Earl of Sussex his garden wall, at his house in Bermondsey street by London as you go from the court which is full of trees unto a farmhouse near thereunto."

It is hard to imagine Bermondsey folk going to London to sell butter and eggs or London people going to Bermondsey in search of fresh air and wild flowers; yet these things happened once! We are glad to feel that Bermondsey today has as fine a public spirit as any town in England, and is constantly becoming more attractive.

## A ROPEWAY FOR KENT

### Where the Railway Failed

As C.N. readers know, the Southern Railway was defeated in its endeavour to prevent a Kent coal company from making an overhead ropeway to carry coal from Tilmanstone Colliery to Dover.

Now comes the news that a contract has been signed for the construction of the line. It will be seven miles long, and will be carried on standards of steel or ferro-concrete 120 yards apart. Each container will carry 14 hundredweights of coal, and 120 tons can be dealt with every hour.

To most people it will seem that the new enterprise of the Southern Railway has for once gone wrong in rejecting a big opportunity.

## THE OPTIMIST AND THE INCOME TAX

### Could it be Half-a-Crown?

Income tax payers are wishing, without any hope, that the tax of 4s. in the pound may be reduced in the coming Budget, if only by sixpence.

Yet Sir Godfrey Collins, a possible future Chancellor of the Exchequer, says it might be reduced to half-a-crown without injury to national interests if people would face the necessary economies.

The reduced rate would mean a loss of revenue of about 75 million pounds a year. The subsidy we give to sugar-beet growers comes to five and a half millions, and Sir Godfrey would abolish it at once, as any good it does to one section of the sugar trade is balanced by the injury it does to other sections.

A reduced income tax would at once make people more ready and able to save, and that would mean that the Government would not have to pay such high interest on the war debts, a saving which would make up a big part of the loss from reducing the tax.

But the biggest saving of all is to be obtained by reducing our expenditure on the Army and Navy. Why should we be paying 50s. a head for national defence today seeing that in 1914 we were paying only 35s.? Why, for instance, build the great Singapore Dock for battleships when we have no enemies there? Would the ordinary taxpayer rather have the Singapore Dock or a little off the income tax?

## A FIRE RINGS UP THE FIREMEN

A fire which broke out at Mansfield itself rang up the Fire Brigade.

Telegraph wires overhanging the scene of the fire, and the heat brought down a wire, which fell across the telephone lines to which all the local firemen's houses are connected. The men quickly responded and put out the flames, but, curiously enough, the bells went on ringing merrily for hours after the fire was out!



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

FEBRUARY 4 1928

## The Sure and Certain Hope

WE have been asked to say what we think of the burial of Thomas Hardy in our national shrine. It is said that he was a man without hope.

It seems to us to have nothing to do with the case. Whatever may be true of its individuals, a great nation cannot live without hope, and it brings the noblest and the best it has to the altar of its faith. It has laid, as part of its great heritage, the gifts of one of its most famous sons within its sacred walls, in the sure and certain hope that nothing good can perish.

The powers that stir hope within us are greater than any man. Edwin Markham knew it; he knew that the little circles men draw cannot keep us out.

He drew a circle that shut me out,  
Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout.  
But Love and I had the wit to win:  
We drew a circle that took him in!

Thomas Hardy himself knew it. In spite of his gloom, when he was finishing his great epic on The Dynasts he wrote the loveliest thing in all that book as the song of the Spirit of the Pities:

To Thee whose eye all Nature owns,  
Who hurlest Dynasts from their thrones,  
And liftest those of low estate,  
We sing, with Her men consecrate!

Yea, Great and Good, Thee, Thee we hail,  
Who shak'st the strong, Who shield'st the frail,

Who hadst not shaped such souls as we  
If tender mercy lacked in Thee!

Though times be when the mortal moan  
Seems unascending to Thy throne,  
Though seers do not as yet explain  
Why Suffering sobs to Thee in vain;

We hold that Thy unscanted scope  
Affords a food for final Hope,  
That mild-eyed Prescience ponders nigh  
Life's loom, to lull it by-and-by.

The systemed suns the skies enscroll  
Obey Thee in their rhythmic roll,  
Ride radiantly at Thy command,  
Are darkened by Thy Masterhand!

And these pale panting multitudes  
Seen surging here, their moils, their moods,

All shall fulfil their joy in Thee,  
In Thee abide eternally!

Exultant adoration give  
The Alone, through Whom all living live,

The Alone, in Whom all dying die,  
Whose means the End shall justify!

Thomas Hardy chose to end his greatest poem on that note of hope, and it is enough for us to be glad that he lies in the shrine of all our hopes. It is for us, as for Wordsworth,

Enough, if something from our hands  
hath power  
To live, and act, and serve the future hour;

And if, as toward the silent tomb we go,  
Through love, through hope, and faith's transcendent dower,

We feel that we are greater than we know.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## Things Take Time

It is taking a long time to abolish war, they say. But how many ages did it take to abolish duelling?

For a thousand years claims to property could be settled by a duel in Europe. Just over three hundred years ago the Law Courts in Westminster Hall adjourned to a duelling ground at Tothill Fields. Three years after Waterloo a man charged with murder in England was declared by a judge to be entitled to settle it by waging battle. Fourteen years after Waterloo Wellington fought a duel, and there are many men alive who remember duelling in the army.

If it took so long to stop war between two men we need not be dismayed that it takes time to stop war between nations. Only one single thing is certain about war: *It will come to an end.*

## Bill

By One Who Knows Him

WE are proud, and we confess it, of our friend Bill. He is a jolly little fellow, and there are many things to praise about him—his golden hair, his manly blue eyes, his sturdy limbs. But what do you think a scientist said about him, snatching him up as he was tearing about the garden the other day?

*This is Bill, is it? And he weighs, I should guess, about seventy pounds. That means he's got in him about 44 pounds of oxygen, twelve of carbon, and six of hydrogen.*

Bill's mother was duly impressed. When she wanted Bill about one o'clock we heard her calling:

*Send in that mixture of hydrogen, oxygen, and carbon to lunch. The potato pie is on the table.*

## The Basket of Flowers

WHO does not like applause? There is nothing quite so thrilling to a speaker. The love of appreciation is in us all.

We saw it the other night on the kerbstone. It was raining, and a lady much encumbered with parcels stopped a moment to admire the flower-seller's basket.

"How beautiful!" she said. It cheered the flower-seller, standing there in the cold and wet.

"Do have one, lady," she said, holding out a bunch appealingly.

But the lady had only two hands for all her parcels. "I am so sorry I cannot get at my purse," she said, and she passed on, with one more look of admiration at the gay basket of many colours.

The woman with the basket smiled a grateful smile, and the last we heard was her sweet voice after the retreating lady: "Do have them, lady: have them for nothing!"

## Not Evidence

TELEVISION is drawing nearer and nearer. It has long been in the workshops; in Vienna pictures are being broadcast every day.

How many people have thought of a curious thing that will happen when we see as well as hear by means of wireless?

It used to be evidence that a man was present if you heard his voice; soon it will not be evidence if you see his face as well.

## Tip-Cat

A NEW invention allows singers to hear their voices as an audience hears them. Serves some singers right.

THE Press is said to be the eyes, ears, and voice of the State. They have the Noes in Parliament.

NOWADAYS children are said to rule themselves. Yet many of them do not know where to draw the line.

## Peter Puck Wants to Know



If the thermometer drops when a student takes a degree

He is certainly a good mouthpiece.

It is said more books die of length than of any other disease. In short, they can never live long.

YAWN if you would be beautiful, says a French scientist. Especially if you want an open countenance.

EVEN the most grasping of men have moments of generosity. Then they give themselves away.

IN twenty years everybody in a hurry will fly across the Atlantic. Unless he wants to go in the opposite direction.

## A Home Office Oversight

THE C.N. is very glad to see the new regulations for safety in celluloid workshops and places where cinematograph films are made.

The extra precautions are something to be going on with, but there is still one thing for which all who love children must press until the Home Office is tired of hearing of it.

*If celluloid is dangerous for men to work with it is dangerous for children to play with, and it is more than time that the inflammable celluloid toy was entirely prohibited.*

We once more ask our readers to refuse to buy from shops where celluloid toys are sold.

## Uncle Tom and the World

"It's a sleepy old world," said an uncle, lying in a hammock in a Sussex garden.

"It isn't, it isn't!" shouted the boys having tea beside him, each busy with a magazine full of information.

"I can't see a sign," said Uncle Tom, gazing round at the quiet garden and the line of Downs beyond, "of anything in the world happening."

"Let me tell you," cried Ned; and Bob said "Let me tell you too" so earnestly that sleepy, Uncle Tom waved his hand resignedly and said "Say on!"

"In Japan," began Ned, shooing off a blackbird from the plum tree above him, "they are lighting their ricefields with little electric lights which trap the insects that damage the rice plants."

"You can have a free sun-bath treatment now," Bob put in, "just by wearing cloth which draws the ultra-violet rays of the Sun to pass through and reach the skin."

"Hooray!" said Uncle Tom.

## What Next?

"The latest thing to keep safety-razor blades in good condition is to put them near a magnet, which straightens the bent and ragged blade," said Ned.

Uncle Tom was unmoved; he does not shave.

"Russian sleds are now equipped with motor-driven propellers," Bob volunteered.

"A pity! Tell me something better," said Uncle Tom sleepily.

"You've often complained that we keep our toothbrushes carelessly when we've met in the bathroom. Well, you can buy now (but don't ask me where) an airtight toothbrush-holder with a sterilising agent at the bottom which disinfects your brush."

"What next?" yawned Uncle Tom, and fell asleep.

But not quite asleep. The next minute our neighbour the Vicar, a breeder of Sealyham dogs, strode in, calling out:

"Vixen has three beautiful puppies!"

Bored, weary Uncle Tom sat up like a boy.

"I must see them!" said he, leaping out of the hammock.

## The Sleeping and the Waking

*I slept and dreamed that Life was Beauty;*

*I woke and found that Life was Duty.*

## THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

SOMEBODY unknown has sent five hundred pounds to the Royal Northern Hospital at Holloway.

It is expected that this year will see a fall in the cost of living.

THE number of people at work in Britain is now greater than it has ever been.

THERE were fewer men unemployed in Britain last year than in any year since 1920.



February 4, 1928

The Children's Newspaper

7

## A FLIGHT TO FAME LINDBERGH TELLS HIS STORY

The Things He Did Before the  
World Heard of Him

### A MODEST HERO

All the world was fired with enthusiasm when the first non-stop Atlantic flight was made by a modest American boy, and now we think all the world will want to read his book. Lindbergh calls it "We—Pilot and Plane," and it is published by Putnams.

One of the most interesting things in it is a quotation from reports on Lindbergh's character when he was an Air Cadet. Those who think a great airman must be a dare-devil would expect to find him described as Fearless, Audacious, or Inclined to Recklessness. Instead, his superiors said of him that he was Intelligent, Industrious, Serious, Reliable, Modest, a man of good moral habits, and regular in all his business transactions. That is the sort of man who really makes air history.

### Love of Adventure

Charles Lindbergh was born in 1904, and instead of taking after his father (a lawyer and member of Congress) he inherited the spirit of his grandfather, who had been a Swedish politician and held an appointment to the king, but had been beckoned across the Atlantic by love of adventure, and had built himself a log cabin in Minnesota.

When he was eight Charles saw an aeroplane for the first time, and fell in love with it. Ten years were to pass before he could realise his greatest dream and fly. Then he paid 500 dollars for about eight hours' instruction in a flying-school, and before his course was quite up he had volunteered to go barnstorming with another man.

### An Aerial Circus

Barnstorming means flying from one town to another, and giving people rides for a charge of about £1 for ten minutes. Sometimes they received engagements to do circus work over a town, and then one of the airmen would walk about on the wings, stand on his head, or climb from one plane to another by a rope ladder.

Lindbergh did a lot of barnstorming by himself later, and managed to earn more than his expenses. Sometimes his mother went with him.

Because he wanted to feel the thrill of flying a really powerful machine Lindbergh enrolled as a cadet in the Army Air Service in 1924. A gruelling twelvemonth of training followed, and so severe were the tests that of 104 cadets only 18 passed. No one could get through unless he gave up every other interest in life.

### A Flying Postman

Having gained his wings, Lindbergh applied for the post of air-mail carrier, and for a long time he was the postman who flew with letter-bags between St. Louis and Chicago. One night as he was making the usual flight it occurred to him that he might accept the challenge of Raymond Orteig, who in 1919 offered a prize of 25,000 dollars to the first non-stop flyer of the Atlantic. But such an enterprise would need money!

Eight public-spirited men were found willing to supply it, and a monoplane with a Wright Whirlwind J.5 C. 200 h.p. radial air-cooled motor was ordered. So enthusiastic were the workmen who made it that many of them toiled for 24 hours without rest, and once the chief engineer was at his drafting-table for 36 hours. The result was a perfectly efficient aeroplane, the Spirit of St. Louis, and Lindbergh insists that the men who made her deserve a great share of the credit for his flight.

The actual story of the historic flight makes uneventful reading, for there were no mishaps. Lindbergh left New York at about eight on the morning of

## SOLOMON IN THE COUNTY COURT

ON one side of Judge Cluer, who sits to administer even-handed justice in Shoreditch County Court, stood the master cabinet-maker and on the other the cabinet-maker's boy.

The errand-boy while in the shop had gone too near a circular saw and had lost the third finger of his left hand. What was to be done?

The law lays it down that the employer must pay. How much was the master cabinet-maker to pay the boy for his finger? He thought £50 would be a fair price. The boy's parents said the finger was worth more.

How much more? That was what the wise Cadi of the County Court had to decide. He must not put the figure too high, because that would be hard on the cabinet-maker, who, as he works in Bethnal Green, is perhaps not a wealthy man. But a finger—that is a

serious loss to a boy about to begin to earn his living.

Into Judge Cluer's quick mind leaped a recollection of the greatest Cadi of the East, the wise King Solomon himself, and so he turned to the cabinet-maker with a smiling suggestion.

Fetch a chopper, he told him, and chop off the third finger of your left hand. *How much would you want for it?*

The cabinet-maker's answer was as swift as the judge's mind—he would want a thousand pounds!

Everybody smiled, except, perhaps, the cabinet-maker, who realised too late what he had admitted. But when Judge Cluer pointed out that he was pricing his own finger at £1000 while unwilling to pay more than £50 for the finger the boy had lost we have every reason to believe that he raised the figure and paid up like a man.

## THE OLD AND THE NEW



In Great Britain no one lives very far from a railway, and it is difficult to realise that there are people in the busy United States, with its 120 million inhabitants, 300 miles from the nearest station. In this picture an old-style postal rider is greeting the driver of an up-to-date mail train which brings the post every week for people living in the mountains of Nevada, 300 miles from the railway stopping-places.

May 20, 1927, carrying extra petrol instead of an observer, and he landed at Paris at 5 p.m. the next day.

Of course it was not his flight alone that made Lindbergh a world hero. People loved him for the modesty with which he kept his head when honours were showered upon him, and crowds grew hysterical in their welcome. Always he said that other men deserved as much credit as he did, and always he added that the flight had been made for the sake of aviation. He so loves this young science that he wants all the world to trust it and to believe in it. Lindbergh is a religious man, and a devoted son. He is a teetotaler, of course.

## A FLYING-MACHINE UNDER THE SEA

Submarines which can carry aeroplanes under the sea have long been experimented with, and a notice published the other day by the Admiralty about the pay of flying-officers who form part of the crew of a submarine has shown that this extraordinary combination of craft has become a practical success. Special aeroplanes have been designed which fold up and can be neatly tucked away in the small space which can be spared in a submarine.

## QUEER SIGHT AT SOUTH KENSINGTON END OF A SCHOOL OF WHALES

The Mysterious Newcomers to  
the Natural History Museum

### 120 GAPING JAWS

In the grounds of the Natural History Museum at South Kensington is a sight as marvellous as any of the objects which exploration and discovery ever bring to light. It is the gaping jaws and carcasses of 120 lesser killer whales.

They are not false killer whales of the well-known kind, but a variety which nobody had seen for 150 years. For museum purposes they were extinct. Any museum which had one would have thought it as precious as any of its fossils. Even the fishes which Hugh Miller found embedded in the Old Red Sandstone of millions of years ago, which now hang like relief sculpture on the Natural History Museum's walls, would hardly have been held to be a greater curiosity.

### Cast Themselves Ashore

Then suddenly, for no known reason, not one but more than a hundred of these unsightly monsters rushed up Dornoch Firth in Scotland and cast themselves ashore in a sort of reckless suicide. No instinct restrained them from their doom; the helplessness of the leaders when stranded in shallow water told their followers nothing. They perished like the Gadarene swine that rushed furiously down a steep place to destruction.

If there had been but one or two the occurrence might have passed with no more notice than a line or so in the local paper, and nobody who could know the importance of an extinct lesser killer whale would have learned that this strange creature had suddenly jumped out of the seventeenth century into the twentieth. But when there arrived 120 out of the deep blue sea all the world knew of it. The people of Dornoch were clamorous about it, less because they thought of the whales as remarkable creatures than because they began to find their carcasses a most unwelcome addition to the seashore. It was because the whales made themselves smelled that their identity with the long-lost lesser killer was discovered.

### A Strange Prize

It was the strangest visitation Dornoch had ever had; we are not sure that the whales cannot be regarded as the strangest prize that ever stood waiting outside the walls of a London museum, and we are not forgetting the fossil tree trunks in the grounds at Cromwell Road or the monstrous stone statue which was brought from Easter Island in the Pacific to stand by the portico of the British Museum and was made by a people who vanished many centuries ago, a people who came and went no one knows whither.

What could have driven these whales shoreward? Where have the creatures been in hiding all these years that no mariner or fisherman has ever reported their existence? Had they found some sanctuary in the Arctic, along the ice-bound shores of Greenland? If the Eskimo had seen them we should hardly have heard of them.

### An Unsolved Problem

But that does not answer the question as to the reason for their reappearance. It could hardly have been the search for food which drew them from their unknown abode; otherwise a similar quest would surely have brought a lesser killer shoal to our inshore waters before.

Can it have been that some great earthquake tremor, such as does often take place in the depths of the ocean, drove them out of the place of their dwelling, wherever it was, and left them shaken for a time out of their normal senses and instincts?



## A CHANCE FOR THE BOY FARMER

### SOUTH AUSTRALIA'S SCHEME

Good Wages and Government Help in Settling Down

### EMIGRANTS WHO HAVE DONE WELL

The new Government of South Australia is setting a good example to the rest of the Commonwealth in the way of encouraging immigration.

When the last Government came in it stopped a promising scheme for securing farm apprentices from Britain, and this scheme its successor is reviving and improving.

The scheme was for settling 6000 boys, and when it was abandoned about a quarter of that number had arrived, only 230 of whom failed to settle down. It has been decided that the wages offered were too low, and they are to be increased. Instead of rising in the three-year apprenticeship from 10s to 22s. 6d. the wages of the young settlers are to begin at 15s.

### Boys Who Have Made Good

Part of this the farmer will pay direct to the Immigration Department, which will hold it in trust and hand it back when the apprenticeship is over, together with an advance up to £300 if desired, toward plant and equipment for setting up as a farmer. The cost of the passage out (£5 10s.) will be advanced, and the recipient will be able to repay it by instalments.

The Minister of Immigration has published the history of a number of the immigrants under the original scheme. One boy had bought a horse and a light trap called a sulky as well as saving £130 when his apprenticeship was over, and he later nominated his sister and his widowed mother for an assisted passage, so that they were able to join him. All these are doing well.

Another boy saved £400 and had a share in last season's crop worth at least £250. Another saved £112 as an apprentice, and a year later paid a visit to his parents in Britain, leaving £136 on deposit with the Department against his return.

### Policy of Land Development

Two brothers paid the assisted passages of their parents and another brother to join them and presented them with a vehicle on their arrival. The family are to take up a block of land and live together.

Another immigrant, after paying a visit home, has taken up a property of 850 acres. A youth of 21 has a balance of £225 and a horse, sulky, and wagon.

The South Australian Government is considering plans to support its new immigration policy by securing British capital to help in land development. The idea most favoured is one that has been adopted in Canada and Argentina of selling a large block to a company on condition that the land shall be so divided as to absorb the largest number of settlers in a definite period, and that the purchase money shall be used for developing transport.

### 5000 MILES IN SEARCH OF FLIES

A travelling scientist has just returned to the Smithsonian Institution after a journey of 9000 miles in search of flies.

He is a specialist in two-winged flies, such as the house-fly, gadfly, mosquito, and gnat. About 35,000 kinds are already known, but he estimates that there are probably 150,000 more of these flies still unknown.

Some of the flies he has taken back to Washington were caught at a height of nearly two miles above the sea, and he believes he has found some specimens hitherto unknown.

## The Water From Our Rivers CONTROLLING IT ON THE WAY TO THE SEA

### The Rich Fields of Corn Where the North Sea Tides Used to Sweep In

### HALF A MILLION ACRES RESCUED FROM THE WAVES

It is interesting to see evidence of the activity of the labours of the 'Royal Drainage Commission presided over by Lord Bledisloe. The commission is considering how the waters of our English rivers can best be conducted to the sea so as to carry blessings and not damage in their track.

The proper control of rivers has too long been neglected, and this commission ought to remind the nation of its duty in dealing justly between all the people whose work and prosperity depend on how a river behaves between its source and its mingling with the sea.

### From Source to Sea

Too often some river has been regarded as giving sometimes benefit and at other times trouble to a succession of districts through which it passes, and each district has been expected to watch and safeguard its own part of the river's course. But a river is a single thing from source to sea. What happens on it anywhere, affecting its flow, may matter a great deal far below and far above the place where it happens. A river, depending on the uncertainties of rain, is not easily controlled in any part of its journey, and it needs management by those who know and watch it along its way.

The commission will look at drainage with this large outlook. They may have in mind the need for impounding and gradually releasing the flood waters of the swift upper streams; but their chief work will be with the low-lying areas, those areas which as the sea is approached would be deluged with waters from the highlands in the stormy months but for engineered restraints.

### In the Fenland

The area where flood waters are got rid of with most difficulty is the rich expanse of fenland round the Wash. There are other areas liable to damaging saturation by the autumnal and spring floods, such as the Sedgemoor part of Somerset and the Isle of Axholme in Lincolnshire, but the chief expanse for elaborate drainage is the sweep of low land round the Wash across which the Witham, Welland, Nen, and Ouse reach a common estuary.

These lands, but little above sea-level and in some places below it, are open to heavy rushes of water from both seaward and landward sides. The tide at times comes fiercely up the channels between the sandbanks of the Wash, and has to be held back by huge sluice gates at convenient points low down the rivers. The sluice gates also hold back the fresh waters of the rivers,

and discharge them coincidentally with the fall of the tides.

There was a time when the North Sea tides swept unimpeded into the marshy fenlands and the inland flood waters poured unchecked down to meet the tides, and the villages of the region were built on the slightly elevated parts that stood as islands (*eyes* and *tofts*, like Sibsey and Fishtoft) above the waters; but attempts to control the inland waters were made at a very early period, probably by the Romans. Since the reign of Henry the Eighth private and district enterprise have produced a network of drainage canals and riverside embankments, with pumping machinery for raising the waters from the lower lands, and what was a marshy waste where ague-stricken fowlers attended their decoys is now the richest area of its size in England for growing corn and root crops.

### Divided Authority

But all is not peace round the Wash. The area is administered by many drainage authorities, some overlapping and each exacting rates. Demands are made on inland districts for damage by the overflow waters. They deny their responsibility and decline to pay. Divided authority causes confusion and inefficiency, and some lands once drained tend to become water-logged and marshy. Also the towns that have water-borne traffic complain of the silting up of their seaward approaches. It needs a broad and comprehensive view to satisfy the fenlands and their ports, and this view the Drainage Commission is expected to take.

Besides, there is the big allied question of reclaiming land not now under cultivation and making it valuable. The reclamation of land round the Wash has been very great and admirable in past centuries. It amounts to half a million acres.

### Great Triumphs Recorded

The subject is not simple. The cost of some recent reclamations has been many times higher than the value of the land reclaimed—higher than its value can ever be. A reclaimed area will often sink several feet to a lower level, and so tend to collect water again. Fenland cultivation involves a steady fight with waters from seaward and landward and also from its rainfall, but it has recorded great triumphs and will record more, and all onlookers will be glad that a Royal Commission is now tackling its problems in a broad and comprehensive way.

## EAST ANGLIANS OF THE DAWN

### A MAN WHO GETS TO KNOW THEM

Mr. Reid Moir's Book of the Very Long Ago

### FLINT AS A WITNESS

THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN IN EAST ANGLIA. By J. Reid Moir (Cambridge Press, 15s.).

Among the pages of the history which Mr. Reid Moir has delved from East Anglia of the ancient men who lived there before modern history was born are many beautiful drawings and photographs of flints. They are the milestones of the path of men through Time.

The men who chipped the flints to employ them for hunting, for scraping the skins they wore, for the hundred daily tasks of life, have gone, often leaving no other trace behind. But skilled archaeologists, like Mr. Reid Moir, can read the signs on the flints which tell, in thousands or tens of thousands of years, how many centuries they are behind the life of man today.

### The Story of the Flints

The book Mr. Moir has written is one which every student of the races of Ancient Men will read and mark and learn, but the story he makes of it is one that all can understand; and every intelligent boy or girl can follow the explanations the author gives of the way the flint instruments were chipped, how they were used, and the remarkable fashion in which, in the course of centuries, the manufacture of the flints grew better and more polished.

In following the histories of people who became or were becoming civilised the students who investigate them depend greatly on the kind of pottery they made, because that is the best time-mark (or trade-mark) that can be found. It seldom fails. But those who, like Mr. Reid Moir, take their Time-Machine back to the Stone Age Men who lived before civilisation arose have to depend on what we may call the tribe-marks of the flint. All primitive peoples used flint for weapons and implements. They do still.

### Made By Man or Nature?

It is by the light of this fact that Mr. Reid Moir estimates the age of the most ancient men who lived in East Anglia. There are three principal periods of flint-chipping. The later two are those of the flints chipped by the Old Stone Age Men and the men of the later or New Stone Age. Before them were the men who chipped the eoliths, or Flints of the Dawn, such as were first found by Benjamin Harrison of Ightham.

The only question that can be asked by any doubting person about them is whether they are indeed of man's manufacture or whether Nature has shaped them in her rivers and streams.

### A Twofold Answer

Mr. Moir's answer to that is twofold. He shows how the traces of intention or design in a man-chipped flint are manifest and differ from those in a chance-chipped flint; and he shows also the resemblance between the very early flints and those of a much later date which are admittedly human. His contention is that the history of flint-chipping was continuous, flowing unaltered for hundreds of years till some change occurred which improved the type.

That being admitted, he pictures the kind of men who lived in East Anglia and made these flints long before our islands were separated from Europe, when the Thames flowed the other way and before the Ice Age covered the land.

In this remarkable book, in which all the facts are carefully marshalled, the story of the earliest men of Britain, perhaps members of the earliest race in Europe, is told with patience and understanding and so that all may read.

## NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

The L.C.C. has received a cheque for £445,000 for motor licences from the London General Omnibus Company.

Northampton has passed a resolution calling for a law to prohibit greyhound betting.

### The Life-Savers

In ten days during the recent gales the Lifeboat Institution saved 84 lives; altogether it has now saved 60,000.

### £1000 for Leonidas

A Greek emigrant to America has left £1000 to erect a monument in Sparta to Leonidas, who defended Thermopylae against the Persians 24 centuries ago.

### A Pocket-Book for Motorists

The Safety First Association has presented copies of an admirable Motorist's Pocket-Book to two and a half million holders of driver's licence.

A Paris policeman has an armlet announcing that he speaks English, German, Spanish, Italian, and Russian.

Cheques for a total of over 41,000 million pounds were dealt with by the London Bankers' Clearing House last year.

### Increase of Copper Production

More copper has been produced in the last twenty years than in the preceding seven thousand.

### Aircraft in Rain

On a wet day a wooden aeroplane frame soaks up as much as 100 pounds of water.

### Advertisements in Place of Texts

The texts from the Koran which have long swung from the minarets of mosques in Turkey have in many cases been replaced by an invitation to "Buy Turkish Products."



## THE LITTLE REPUBLICS OF AMERICA

### Fear of the Big Brother A TRAVELLER'S IMPRESSIONS

We have been taught to think of the American Continent south of the Great Lakes as a happy family of free Republics, bound together by common sympathy and all looking to the leadership of their big brother the United States.

A veteran British journalist who has lately been travelling in South America, Sir Alfred Robbins, has told a different story. He tells us that South America is nervous and anxious and distrustful about this much-advertised leadership from the north.

When President Monroe made his pronouncement of the Monroe Doctrine against European aggression on the American Continent the big-brother theory had great value. Argentina and Brazil had not long secured their independence from Spain and Portugal, while Mexico was still struggling under the Spanish yoke.

#### The Big Brother's Navy

But today no one in Europe has territorial ambitions in America outside her own settled colonies. The danger, it appears, is from the big brother himself. Panama and Nicaragua are under his thumb. Mexico is constantly threatened. When will the turn of the Republics farther south come?

Most of all, the small Republics are disturbed by the growth of the United States Navy.

They do not believe that the big brother is afraid of Japan, or that he is really concerned about having as many ships as the British Empire. These, they fear, are only excuses hiding the real aim, a fleet which will make him dominant throughout the Americas. More and more the Republics are being persuaded into the acceptance of his loans, and it was his loans which gave him his excuse for bullying Nicaragua. Whose turn will it be next?

#### How Wars Come

These are the speculations Sir Alfred Robbins heard everywhere on his travels. No doubt the mass of United States citizens are quite unconscious of any such designs and want a big navy merely because it feels fine to possess a big navy. But it is just as well they should know what is in the minds of their neighbours, and Sir Alfred Robbins has done them a good turn by telling them.

When we pile up armaments it is always merely for defence and our neighbours always believe it can only be for aggression. That is how wars come, and that is the supreme argument for not piling up armaments.

## THE OLDEST OF OUR ISLAND CRAFTS

### A Woad Mill Still Going

Two thousand years and more ago, so history relates, the Ancient Briton dyed himself blue with woad.

As to why he did so the old chroniclers are silent, but the interesting fact remains that the manufacture of dye from woad is one of those primitive industries which has steadily persisted through twenty intervening centuries to the present day; surely, apart perhaps from the flint-knapping of Brandon, the most venerable of our island crafts.

In the village of Parson Drove, in the fen country, near Wisbech, a woad mill is still in operation, and its processes probably differ little from those in vogue in prehistoric times. Huge, cumbrous wooden rollers drawn by horses are still used to crush the plants, and the dye extracted now has its uses in newer industries. In fact, for certain purposes its value still remains superior to all modern substitutes.

## THE SENSITIVE FILM

### New Work For It To Do

New uses have lately been found for the delicate seismograph, the instrument reflecting a tiny spot of light which will dance about on a sensitive photographic film and record its movement when an earthquake takes place 10,000 miles away.

The most important of its new uses is in the location of oil domes when men are searching for suitable spots for sinking shafts.

The places where oil is present differ from ordinary ground, and sound waves travel more quickly through them than they do through ordinary earth.

Earth waves are started up by exploding dynamite, and seismographs placed at different spots show by their records the direction in which the sounds travel fastest. In this way the most suitable spots for drilling are found. The vibrations caused by railways and heavy machinery in factories are also being investigated by means of the seismograph.

## A GOOD WORK ALWAYS GOING ON

The Shaftesbury Society, continuing the good work of Lord Shaftesbury and Sir John Kirk, is now happily expanding its work by providing seaside accommodation for crippled children who are recovering after surgical treatment and need a period of convalescence.

The home at West Bournemouth for 54 cripple boys and girls between four and ten is now supplemented by another home at Hastings, with seven acres of land, for 46 boys of ages between ten and sixteen; and by Easter it is expected that a home at Margate, with three acres of land, will be opened for 40 girls.

The homes are planned to complete the cure of cripple children who have been under the care of Education Authorities in and around London. It is a kind of work well fitting the noble traditions of the society, and we very gladly commend the Shaftesbury Society once again to the warm hearts of our readers.

## FALLING WITH THE MILK

The regulations in France for the sale of milk provide admirable repressive measures to deal with fraud.

A second conviction of any person selling adulterated milk renders the defaulter liable to imprisonment, with the obligation to have a notice posted outside his shop recording the fact.

An inspector on his rounds in the department of the Vienne lately came across a farmer's wife carrying a pail of milk to a cart in the courtyard, where she fell and spilled the milk. This annoyed the milk inspector, and she was brought before the police court and fined 500 francs, as the inspector asserted he was convinced that the fall was not at all accidental, but had happened deliberately in order to prevent him from ascertaining whether the milk had been watered.

## TWO LIFEBOATS IN ONE

A ship's carpenter, after 60 years at his trade, has invented a new lifeboat of a very curious kind.

It is practically two broad, shallow boats fixed bottom to bottom, so that as one half is capsized the other half is righted. It is said, however, to be practically impossible to capsize it, still more to sink it. In the double bottom are valves which will let the water out but will not let it in whichever way up the boat is; and there are tanks for fresh water and food which can be reached whichever side of the boat may be uppermost.

A successful demonstration of the boat's capabilities has been given at the London Docks.

## ALL THE BIRDS OF COCKNEY LONDON

How many country birds are there which become Londoners? In a new case in the Bird Gallery at the Natural History Museum Dr. Smith has collected more of these airy citizens than any London boy or girl could name.

The Cockney sparrow we all know, but who would think the hedge sparrow nests within three miles of Hyde Park Corner? All Dr. Smith's birds nest or have their season's lodging within this three-mile radius. The Egyptian geese and other highly-coloured water-fowl which have been introduced to ornament the waters of the parks are not included, but only those which have come of their own accord because they like the smoky place.

#### The Easy Food Supply

The mallard, tufted, and pochard ducks come only in the winter, finding a compensation for the smoke in the cosiness and the easy food supply. The coot also comes principally in the winter, and is worth looking for, because it is much rarer than its familiar name might lead one to suppose. The moorhen, which always rushes away with such a splash when sighted, is far more common. The little grebe is betwixt and between. The heron is included because it finds in Hyde Park a fashionable lodging; but it often flies downstream from Richmond and Isleworth. And there are two herons which haunt Battersea Park lake for the fishing, though they always fly away punctually after breakfast at nine o'clock.

#### The Thames Gulls

Then there are the gulls, which are winter visitors like the mallard, though there are a few which stay all the summer. We have counted five on the last day of June in Chelsea Reach. These may be blackheaded gulls or common gulls. The common gull is increasing in numbers. The big herring gull is easily distinguished. Most of the gulls have established themselves for their night's lodging in the reservoirs at Hammer-smith, where they make a wonderful sight on the water. Every night flocks of them may be seen taking a short cut from the Lower Thames over Buckingham Palace.

Then there are the owls, the kestrel and the tawny. A pair of kestrels take up their quarters on the tower of the Imperial Institute and shriek in a heart-rending way in the mornings. We think we have heard also the curious yelp of the little owl nearer the river.

#### Rooks or Carrion Crows

Dr. Smith says the rook no longer nests in London. He used to nest in Gray's Inn, and there are two birds suspiciously like rooks which make a morning call near Oakley Street in Chelsea. But they may be carrion crows, which, though rarer birds, are found now in considerable numbers. A few jackdaws haunt Kensington Gardens, and the respectable resident starlings of London find themselves nearly hustled out of their quarters by the vast flocks which come in from the suburbs to roost every night in autumn and winter, and make the plane trees sound like the home of innumerable sewing-machines.

Then there are great tits and blue tits; a coconut is good enough for them in many a back garden. There are robins and wrens, the pied and the grey wagtail, the chaffinch and the greenfinch, and three of our first-class songsters, the missel thrush, the song thrush, and the blackbird.

These are now becoming well-known, old-established householders. Passing visitors which yet may stop to bring up a family of Cockneys are the lesser whitethroat, the blackcap, the spotted flycatcher, the willow warbler, and the chiff-chaff, so much alike in looks, so different in song.

Swallows, house martins, and swifts come, but only to pass over the roofs, not yet to find a home.

## A BURNED-UP WORLD

### WHERE TO FIND MERCURY

### Travelling Toward the Earth at 3 Million Miles a Day

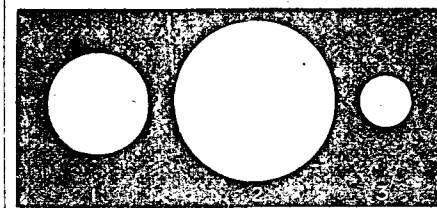
### WHAT IT MEANS TO BE NEAR THE SUN

By the C.N. Astronomer

That burned-up world the planet Mercury is now in the south-west sky, and may be seen soon after the Sun has set.

The best time to look for him will be between 5.30 and 6 o'clock, then the little world of Mercury should be seen shining like a golden, first-magnitude star. With the help of Jupiter he should be quite easy to locate.

If an imaginary line be drawn from Jupiter down to the point on the horizon where the Sun has set it will pass near Mercury, which, however, will be much nearer to the horizon than to Jupiter. At about 5.30 Mercury will be



The size of the Sun as seen from Mercury at aphelion (1) and at perihelion (2), compared with the Sun as seen from the Earth (3)

nearly 20 times the Moon's apparent width above the horizon.

This fleeting world may be seen for about two weeks at a time, and then he is gone, to reappear a month later in the morning sky.

This time Mercury will remain in the evening sky for a shorter period than usual because he is now almost at perihelion, his nearest point to the Sun. He is, therefore, travelling at his fastest, 2100 miles a minute.

Mercury is also very much nearer the Sun now and so farther from us—100 million miles away at the beginning of next week and about 80 million at the end of the week. He is travelling directly toward us at about 3 million miles a day.

This much greater proximity of Mercury to the Sun makes a vast difference to the amount of heat and light poured down on his sun-baked surface. He is now but 28,600,000 miles from the Sun instead of 43,300,000 miles, as when at his farthest, and because of this receives more than twice as much solar heat and light.

At the present time the sunlit side of Mercury is basking in a summer heat which has been calculated to be at least 350 degrees Centigrade, compared with a summer heat of about 25 degrees on Earth. An amazing state of things must exist on that little world only 3100 miles in diameter. If any seas exist there they must be boiling; even metals, such as lead, would be fluid.

#### Mercury and the Moon

There is, however, no evidence of the presence of water or clouds; nor is there trace of any appreciable atmosphere; so these terrible climatic conditions are hardly likely to be experienced by any forms of life.

Mercury appears to resemble the Moon except in one important particular. He always keeps the same side to the Sun, whereas the Moon, while always presenting the same face to the Earth, turns round, as regards the Sun, once in every lunar month. So one side of Mercury is doomed to perpetual darkness and cold. But there is a narrow strip of surface between the region of perpetual day and perpetual night over which the Sun would occasionally rise a little above the horizon, and there his burning rays would work a transformation that can only be left to the imagination.

G. F. M.



# ST. PALFRY'S CROSS

The Tale of a  
Lost Inheritance

By  
Gunby Hadath

## What Has Happened Before

Torferry is startled by the strange appearance of a man who passes through the village playing a drum.

David Keddie, on his way home from school, feels that the stranger is trying to attract his attention. But he forgets the drummer at the news he finds awaiting him: instead of the fortune he expected, his Aunt Deborah tells him his father has left him nothing.

While she is telling her story a message is slipped under the door bidding David to a secret meeting on the sands. David goes, and is given some papers in his dead father's writing.

Attempts to steal these papers fail. And so do all efforts of Lawyer Roach to extract information concerning them. Suddenly David disappears.

## CHAPTER 9

### Light Breaking

THE cliffs above Torferry are riddled with caves; caves that stretch inland, some of them, for more than a mile.

It was these caves, with their secret inlets and outlets, which the men who ran smuggled cargoes from France used in old days. And it was in one of these at the moment Aunt Deborah left Mr. Carthew's that a tattered man who looked hungry and lean as a wolf was crouching, with a fair-skinned boy at his side.

"It won't be long now," said the man to the boy.

Around them there was nothing to hear but the sea. In front of them there was nothing but the sea visible. Behind them, at the very back of the cave, a huge drum rested, its leather straps trailing the ground.

They were waiting for complete darkness to descend before they should venture to lower themselves from their refuge.

"I wonder what would have happened if you hadn't rescued me a few minutes ago," David said.

"I don't know. Had the lawyer been through your pockets?"

"That's why he kept me, because he found nothing there. That's why he had shut me up, in his house and vowed he'd keep me a prisoner all the night with nothing to eat until I told him what I'd done with the writing or what it said. If you hadn't discovered me and got me away—"

"There! Get your breath. It was easy enough to discover you. When he chased me last night on the sands I knew he meant mischief; I knew why he had set the police after me. But those who are watched can watch. And I watched that lawyer. The rest was merely a matter of scaling a wall."

"Oh, no," put in David, shivering. "You ran much more risk."

"I've run more risks for your father," was all the man answered.

"Suppose Roach had been in my room when you threw up the stone! Or suppose he had heard you flinging the rope up afterwards!"

The man laid a hand upon David's. "That's done with," he said. "Come, we will go to the cottage. I'll leave my drum here."

He spoke as coolly as though he were no hunted fugitive, as firmly as though he were suffering no pangs of hunger, as cheerfully as though there were nothing to fear.

"But Mr. Roach will have missed me by now and be watching the cottage."

"No. He'll have missed you maybe, but he'll be searching the rocks. He'll be in a state and concocting a tale for your aunt, but the cottage is the last place he'll think you've returned to. We are safer there than anywhere else in Torferry."

They clambered down and went silently through the darkness.

And thus it came about that Aunt Deborah, taking her bonnet off, heard a low whistle from the rhododendrons under her window. She opened the lattice, and: "Is that you, David?" she whispered. "It's both of us," the startling whisper came back.

Both of them! What, David and Mr. Roach! She leaned head and shoulders out and peered cautiously downwards. Ay, that was David himself, but that wasn't Roach, that immense bowed figure was never Roach's.

The old lady caught her breath. For here was the presence at last of her dead brother's messenger, and she knew he had brought her the very core of the mystery.

But when she had hastened down and slid back the bolts, he having to stoop low from his great height to enter, as he lifted himself and the light of the lamp in the passage streamed full on his face, she brushed aside the welcome which David was whispering and uttered with a little cry, "Man, you're starving!"

She was right. The lamplight had revealed the glitter of exhaustion in his eyes. He could only stand slightly swaying.

She passed an arm round him and helped him into the room, where she seated him and set food and water before him, drawing David into the passage while the man ate.

Here David explained why he had not been waiting at home for her. And when she had heard how Roach had kept him by force and then tried every means to make him disclose the message, she bade him look again to the fastenings of doors and windows. "And barricade back and front, if you like," she said fiercely; "for if all the police in the county come hammering the house down I vow I won't open an inch till I've hidden this fellow."

In a mystified voice David muttered, "Lawyer Roach isn't straight!"

"I never thought he was," she retorted scornfully. "He's far too sleek for my liking, and always has been. Albeit when they were young men he was friend to your father. They used to go about climbing mountains together."

David glanced at the door of the living-room. "Shall we go back?"

"Wait a minute. I've something to tell you first. I said just now I'd hide that fellow in there against all the police in the county, but we've nothing to guard him from now except Roach's monkey tricks."

"Then he isn't the man the police are on the look out for?"

"No. That was just Roach's lie to get your father's messenger stopped. The man the county police were warned to look out for was captured at Porthfennon this morning. That I've got from Mrs. Carthew herself, David."

"So Roach was confusing the two to suit his own purpose?"

"Yes, of course!" snapped Aunt Deborah.

David looked more astonished. He stared at her blankly. "Which means," he rejoined, "that Roach knew that he carried a message."

"And isn't that," she said tartly, "as plain as a pikestaff?"

David muttered, "I can't see as far as you can."

"But you saw it when Roach tried to get hold of the writing? When he burgled the cottage for it? And when he searched you for it? Didn't you see it, or is your head nothing but wood, David?"

"I—sort of—felt it," he faltered. "But I didn't see it." His dogged expression mounted his face and eyes. "And I don't see yet," he added, "how Roach could know."

"Nor I," she admitted grudgingly. "But we'll soon learn." Then, with a vigorous nod, she led the way back.

## CHAPTER 10

### Martin Narraway's Story

SEATED in the ancient armchair, his feet to the blaze, and in that little room with its homely contrasts looking, David thought, like some mighty eagle which has wonderingly descended from its free summits, the giant with the great beaked nose told his story.

"My name is Martin Narraway," he began. "I am a Norfolk man, born near East Dereham, though I doubt if you'd find any Narraways living there now. My father was a farmer in a small way. But I'd always a hankering to see beyond Norfolk, so I did a bit of soldiering when I was old enough, and that was where they taught me to play the drum. Meanwhile, my father thought to better himself in Australia, and when I came out of the army I went to join him and my brother there. But the old man made nothing of his farming, and died soon after, leaving us to fend for ourselves. We separated, and, trying one thing after another, I got a job with a circus travelling the towns, which found me uncommon clever at playing the drum. I drummed outside the booth and did strong man inside and lifted weights—all that bag of tricks." He smiled gently. "And that was what I was doing when I met your father." He turned to David.

The movement brought David to himself with a start.

"How long ago was it you met my father?" he asked.

"Eleven years ago. He had been in the country ten months then. He told me, I remember, he'd come for a fortune, and asked me to join in with him, and I joined in with him. But, you understand, I joined in with him as his man. I was man, he was master, from that day to this. For though he's gone I am still his man until I've finished the job he left me to do."

There was no suggestion that he took any credit for loyalty to a dead master. He spoke like a man under orders. No more and no less.

"I was with your father when he died," he went on. "That was about a year after he had disposed of his ranch. He had been out of the country for awhile—"

"Do you know where he'd been?"

This was from Aunt Deborah quickly and eagerly.

"No," answered Martin Narraway, shaking his head. "I fancy he came to Europe, but I'm not sure. He left me behind in charge of the rest of his property; it was just a trifle that he'd kept back from the bulk. It was a mighty big ranch, ma'am, he had disposed of. But he never told me what he had done with the money. When he came back he sold the little he'd kept, and he and I moved up

country. We kept passing from place to place, for he'd grown very restless. One night he was taken sick in the bush and he died. There was no one with him but me when he died."

The lamp began to splutter before dying out. In silence Aunt Deborah replaced it by two tall candles. She sat down again, and Martin continued his story.

"Just before he had confided in me he told me that his object in leaving the country after selling the ranch had been to remove the proceeds out of Australia. I couldn't make out all he said, for you'll understand that his strength was sinking fast and his words were hard to follow. But I gathered that he was afraid of being robbed in Australia, and anyhow hadn't felt easy till his fortune was out of it."

"I've worked rarely hard for it," he kept saying; and he kept telling me that it was meant for his David. "And I don't trust the mails," he said. "I'll send you to my son."

He stopped and raised his eyes to Aunt Deborah's almost timidly, with a look that claimed allowances for the dead. "My master had led a hard life, ma'am," he explained; "and what with the hardships he'd suffered before the tide turned and the way he'd never spared himself, he had begun to break up a little in body, and mind, perhaps. Well, he kept on saying to me, that night he lay sick in the bush, 'Martin, I can trust you. I'll send you to my son. I've put my money where no one can touch it, except my son David. And you'll tell him how to find it, Martin.' Then his head fell back."

"I thought he'd gone, but he hadn't; he'd fallen asleep. I sat without stirring, and when he woke up he asked me for something to write on. So I stepped across the tent and brought him the pen and a bit of stiff cartridge paper we carried about with us. And he wrote a few words and then he tore it across. 'It's safer by word of mouth,' he said in a strong voice, so strong I thought the sleep had restored him. 'Come close to me, Martin,' he said. And that was the last he said. For his face changed all at once and he died in my arms."

He broke off, hunched forward, and stared into the fire. David was biting at an unsteady lip. Aunt Deborah sat taut with her hands in her lap.

"I picked up the scrap of paper he'd torn across. I read what he'd written on it and knew he had meant me to carry it to his son before changing his mind for me to take word by mouth. And I knew I could never take word by mouth now, for death had been too quick for us. So after I had buried him," old Martin said simply, "I made my way to the nearest township and I told them his name and asked them to find his relatives: but I didn't tell them anything of the writing, for he'd trusted me, and I knew that he wouldn't have wished it."

"And didn't you find any other papers upon him?"

"There was nothing. There were no letters. Not an address. Nothing but one thing." His hand dived into his rags and he drew out a photograph, which he passed to Aunt Deborah.

"Of David," she breathed. "Yes, I sent it to my brother three years ago."

"Ay," he continued, "I reckoned this was his son. But I couldn't start in search of him straight away, for I had to find work to get money together for my passage to England. As soon as I had saved enough I set out."

While his patient gaze was searching the fire once more they sat awed by this revelation of so much fidelity. Until at last Aunt Deborah was finding her voice, when across it struck the dispassionate tones of the fugitive.

"I hadn't been in this country forty-eight hours before I found that someone had set a watch on my movements. In seven days there were three attempts made to rob me."

TO BE CONTINUED

## Five-Minute Story

### Facing the Foe

FIFTY years ago an American was travelling through the wastes of the Kalahari Desert.

He was interested in the Pygmy tribes of Africa, and wished to see for himself the M'Kabbas, dwarfs who lived on the shores of Lake Ngami. A big zone of rocky, sandy desert had first to be crossed. The explorer took with him a Dutch guide and Bushmen to lead him through the wilderness, to find the stretches of wild water melons and track the spoor of the wild game they needed to fill their hunter's pot.

After a while fortune favoured them. A small herd of gemsbok appeared at the foot of a sand dune—stout, sturdily-made antelopes, ashen grey in colour, with black bars and straight horns.

A Bushman threw up a handful of sand to see which way the wind was blowing, and warily the party stalked the herd.

But someone else proceeded to join in the chase.

As the hunters drew nearer an unlucky slip loosened a stone, which rolled down the slope and landed in a big thorn bush. From the shadow of the bush emerged an enormous black-maned lion.

His tawny eyes swept the distances beyond and caught sight of the gemsbok. Afternoon was not his real time for hunting, but he had been roused from sleep.

He flattened himself to the ground for a few minutes; then he was after the herd like a thunderbolt.

"Good-bye to our supper," muttered the American. "He will scare them all away."

But, to his surprise, when the gemsbok caught sight of the great enemy's approach they seemed to hold that self-defence was better than flight.

Stout-heartedly they gathered together in a crescent-shaped formation. The hunters could hear the dry clashing of their antlers as the valiant creatures prepared to do battle.

With a terrific roar the lion leaped upon the nearest, while the others charged.

And then it was the turn of the hunters' rifles to speak. Six shots were fired, and the whole herd fled.

At the same moment the horses, held in the rear, stampeded.

When the hunters returned from recapturing them all the gemsbok had vanished into the shimmering haze of the desert. Only the grim figure of the lion remained in the foreground, crouched determinedly and immovably over his prey. The hunters let fly two shots to shift him, but never an inch stirred he.

The Dutch guide drew near.

"Waste no more powder and shot, Baas!" he called. "See here!"

There lay the lion, stone dead, on two gemsbok, pierced to the heart by their horns.

Victory is not always to the strong, but to the brave.

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# My Crown is in My Heart—My Crown is Called Content

## THE BRAN TUB

### Missing Consonants

THESE words can be completed by putting consonants in place of the dots. The descriptions will help you. *Answer next week*

E.E...A... Large animal.  
 .O...O... Grief.  
 .O...I...A... A change from work.  
 .OU...A...E... A military display.  
 .O.O...A...E... A picture-maker.  
 AU.O.O...I...E... Self-moving.  
 I...I...E... Something which happens.  
 U...A...I...A... Solid.

### The C.N. Natural Portrait Gallery



The Kangaroo

One of the animals most eagerly sought by children visiting the London Zoo is the Kangaroo, an inhabitant of Australia and Tasmania. When running it covers the ground by making long springs, holding its small forelimbs against its chest and using its enormous tail as a balance. One leap may sometimes be as long as ten yards. It feeds chiefly on shrubs, heather, and grass. The members of the Kangaroo family vary considerably in size; while the smaller species are no bigger than a rabbit, the larger ones are often five or six feet high.

### A Riddle in Rhyme

ELEVEN letters I contain.  
 And if you now would find the same,  
 Know that a figment of the brain  
 Will straightway help you to my name. *Answer next week*

### The Blind Man's Idea

A MAN who had been born blind was one day asked to state his idea of the colour scarlet.  
 Having reflected an instant, he replied: "I picture it to myself as having much in common with the sound of a trumpet."

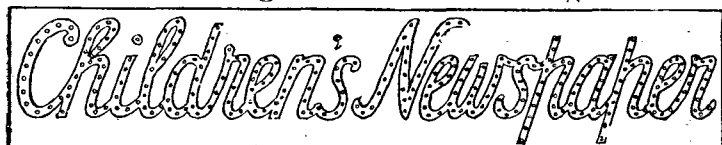
### Changeling

N	A	I	L
H	E	A	D



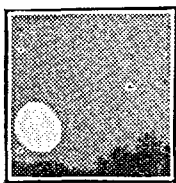
Change the word Nail into Head with only five intervening links, altering one letter at a time and making a common word with each change. The pictures will help you. *Answer next week*

### A Working Model of an Electric Sign



TRACE this design on to a post-card and make holes with a pin through the dots. Then paint the card with dark blue or black paint. Place another card behind the

### Other Worlds Next Week



IN the evening the planets Jupiter, Uranus, and Mercury are in the south-west. In the morning Venus, Mars, and Saturn are in the south-east.

The picture shows the Moon as seen looking south at 10 p.m. on February 8.

### Is Your Name Roskrow?

THIS is probably only a variation in spelling of the names Roscrowe, Roscow, and Roscoe, all of which have the same origin. It is a Cornish name and, according to the Rev. S. Baring Gould, is derived from Roscoff, in Brittany. No doubt at some distant date the ancestor of all the Roskrows, Roscoes, and so on, migrated across the sea from Brittany and settled in Cornwall, being known as the people from Roscoff and then as the Roscoffs, which later changed its spelling into the forms we now use.

### Buried Fruit

IN each of the following sentences is concealed the name of a fruit. Can you find all of them?

Will you put a washer on this tap, please?

A year's subscription to the C.N. would make a welcome gift to some lonely child.

The old farmer owned a team of powerful horses.

Jack gave Bob an anagram to solve.

The sculptor began to shape a realistic model of a running boy.

I hope a cheque will come today from my client.

During the whole month of May we had only two downfalls of rain.

This room is so small that we only keep lumber in it. *Answers next week*

### Ici On Parle Français



Le houx Le laquais Le casque

Le houx a un feuillage très piquant. La livrée de ce laquais est superbe. C'est le casque d'un guerrier romain.

### Next Week's Nature Calendar

TURKEY cocks are strutting and gobbling. The yellow-hammer is heard singing. The green woodpecker laughs. The marsh tit begins his two harsh, sharp notes. Gossamer is seen floating in the air. The brimstone butterfly is seen on the wing.

### Who Am I?

NUMBER one is in fissure but not in cleft,

Number two is in gentle and also in debt,

Number three is in saddle but not in spur,

Number four is in tumult and also in stir,

Number five is in danger but not in risk,

Number six is in speedy and also in brisk,

Number seven's in timber but not in plank,

Number eight is in clatter and also in clank,

Number nine is in beacon but not in flares,

My whole is a man skilled in public affairs. *Answer next week*

## Jacko Calls Out the Fire Brigade

JACKO kept telling his mother one afternoon how dull things were and how he wished he could make life a bit brighter.

"You make life quite bright enough for me," said his mother. "I'm sure you needn't wish it to be brighter!"

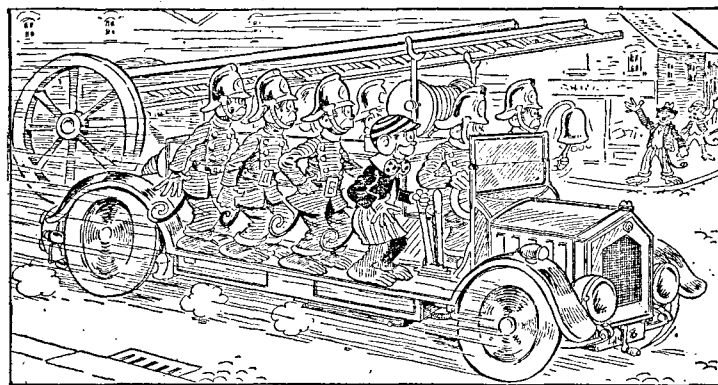
Jacko didn't know if that was meant to be a compliment or not, and said so.

"If the cap fits wear it," said Mrs. Jacko, smiling; and she added that, on the whole, Jacko was a very helpful boy.

Jacko was sauntering home that evening, still wishing something exciting would happen, when he suddenly noticed great flames leaping up from the direction of the Manor House.

"Coo!" he thought, "the Manor's on fire! I wonder if the Fire Brigade knows." And off he dashed to the Fire Station.

The firemen got very excited when Jacko told them the Manor House was on fire, and said it must be a very serious outbreak, because nobody from the Manor had apparently been able to ring them up about it. They made a tremendous noise with the hooter and got into their uniforms with amazing quickness. Then they ran out the engine.



The people cheered as they dashed by

"Bravo, young fellow!" the captain said to Jacko. "We're very much indebted to you; I have no doubt the Squire will give you a handsome reward."

Jacko felt very proud of himself, and said he would be glad to help them on any future occasion.

Then off they went in fine style. Jacko drove through the town with them, feeling as pleased as Punch.

The people collected in the streets when they heard them coming, and they all cheered as the engine dashed by.

It didn't take them long to get to the Manor. The crowd rushed to fling open the big gates for them, and they swept up the long drive like fury.

The Squire, who happened to be starting for a walk, met them at the house and asked what the matter was.

"Matter?" said the Captain. "Why, your place is on fire, sir. The flames can be seen a mile off."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed the Squire. "I had no idea! It must be at the back of the house."

They got out the hose and dashed round to the back, and there, to the firemen's bewilderment and annoyance, was the gardener, busily heaping barrowloads of dead leaves on an enormous bonfire.

Although there was no fire after all Jacko saw that for him things would soon get rather hot, and he very wisely disappeared.

"They'll feel wild with me for making such fools of them," he said to himself.

And so they did. The Captain of the Fire Brigade was furious.

"Where's that young rascal?" he roared. "I'll give him something for his tricks!" But Jacko could not be found.

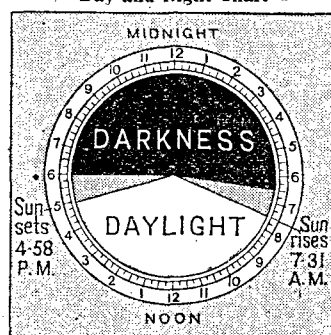
### Those Who Come and Those Who Go

How many people are born in your town and how many die? Here are the figures for four weeks in 12 towns.

TOWN	BIRTHS		DEATHS	
	1927	1928	1927	1928
London	4962	5775	4871	4876
Liverpool	1265	1400	1116	959
Birmingham	1128	1237	1005	993
Manchester	896	977	976	863
Belfast	591	759	455	518
Edinburgh	540	544	593	446
Cardiff	294	321	234	202
Sunderland	294	277	204	177
York	85	109	94	84
Oxford	64	70	66	59
Cambridge	55	62	70	64
Hastings	39	67	78	99

The four weeks are up to Dec. 31, 1927.

### Day and Night Chart



Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. The daylight grows longer each day.

## Dr. MERRYMAN

### Is it True?

A MAN over sixty years old one day bought a raven, and when he was asked what he was going to do with it he replied:

"I am going to see if it is true that this bird lives for three hundred years."

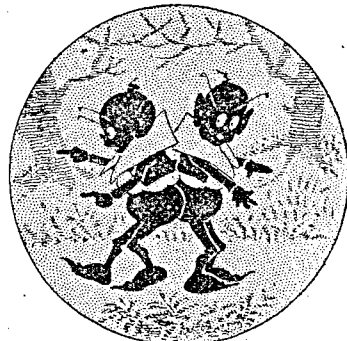
### Badly Put

Oh, please don't leave off, Miss Wilson. We do love to hear your playing.

But shan't I bore you? It is possible to have too much of a good thing, you know.

Yes, but that does not apply to your playing!

### Off the Track



THE dog is falling, cold and grey,  
 On paths that turn and twist.  
 No wonder Brownies miss their way  
 When all the world is missed.

### Too Soothing

WIFE (to husband who is ill): Why, Nurse is reading a book.

Who gave it her? Literary Husband (meekly): I did.

Wife: What book is it? Husband: My latest.

Wife: Oh, my dear! And it's so important that she should not go to sleep!

### The Clan of Mac

WHEN the Mackerel met the Macaw He exclaimed, "Won't you give me your claw?"

We're of Scottish descent, So for friends we were meant."

And the other Mac said "To be sure."

### A Very Big Hole

ONE day a gentleman discovered a great heap of rubbish at the end of his courtyard, and was very angry with his manager for not having had it cleared away.

As an excuse the man declared that he could not find a dustman anywhere.

"Dustman!" cried his master. "Why don't you dig a hole in the centre of the yard and bury the rubbish in it?"

"But where could I put the earth that would be dug out of the hole?" asked the manager.

"Where is the difficulty about that?" cried his master. "Of course you must make the hole so large that everything will go into it."

### Of Course

IF a man walks into a room full of people and places a new penny on the table what does the coin do? It looks round.

### ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

#### Cross Word Puzzle

Here is the answer to last week's puzzle. T.T. is an abbreviation for Tourist Trophy, the races which are held every year in the Isle of Man.

A Transposition. Part, trap, art.  
 A Hidden Bird. Grapes, Ounce, Seal—grouse.  
 A Beheaded Word. There, here, ere.  
 A Puzzle in Rhyme. Motor-car.  
 Who Was He? The Bravest of the Brave was Marshal Ney.



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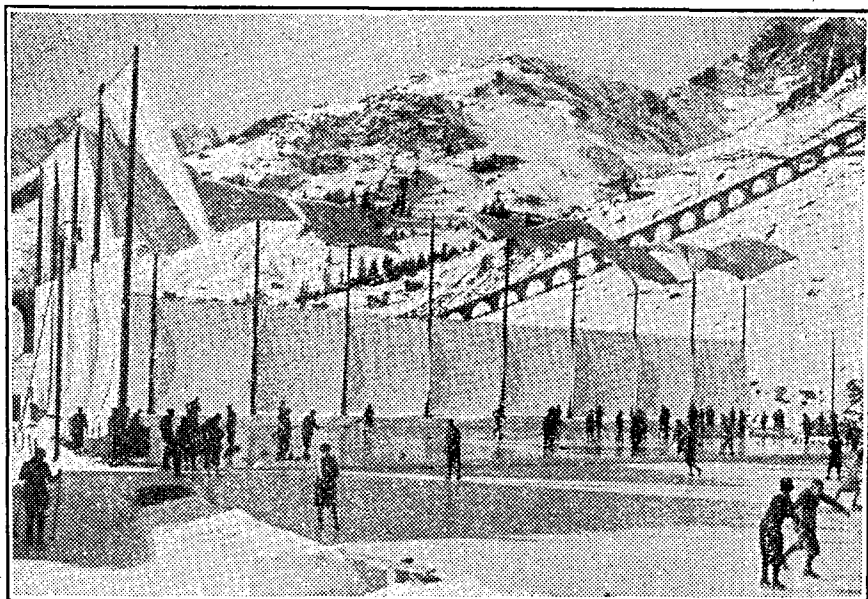
# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

February 4, 1928

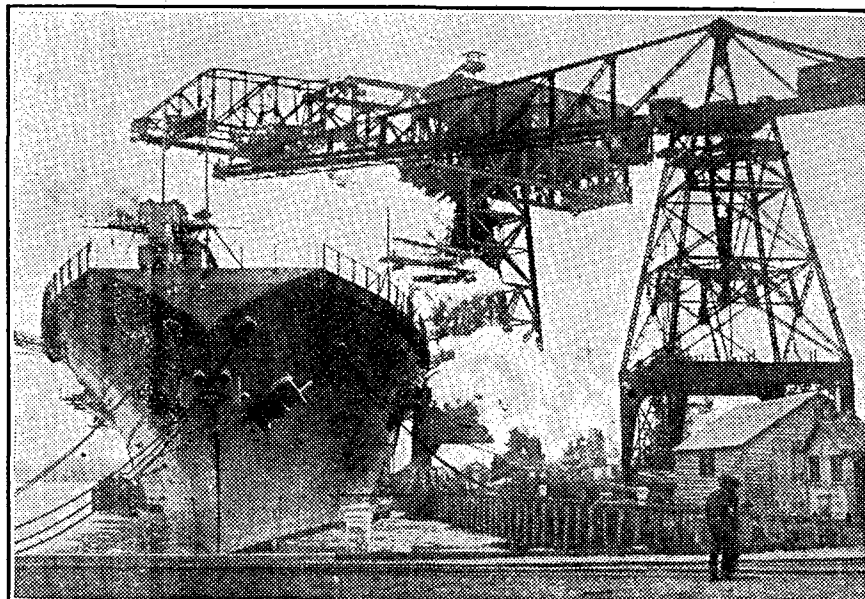
Every Thursday, 2d.

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## MAGNET CHESSMEN • A GOVERNOR GOES SCOUTING • ENGLISH PINEAPPLES



Keeping the Sun Off the Ice—Enormous blinds have been erected round the rink at Murren, in Switzerland, to prevent the sun melting the ice. A curling match is seen in progress.



Biggest Aircraft Carrier—One of the giant cranes in this picture is hoisting a seaplane on to the biggest aircraft carrier in the world, before her maiden voyage from Philadelphia.



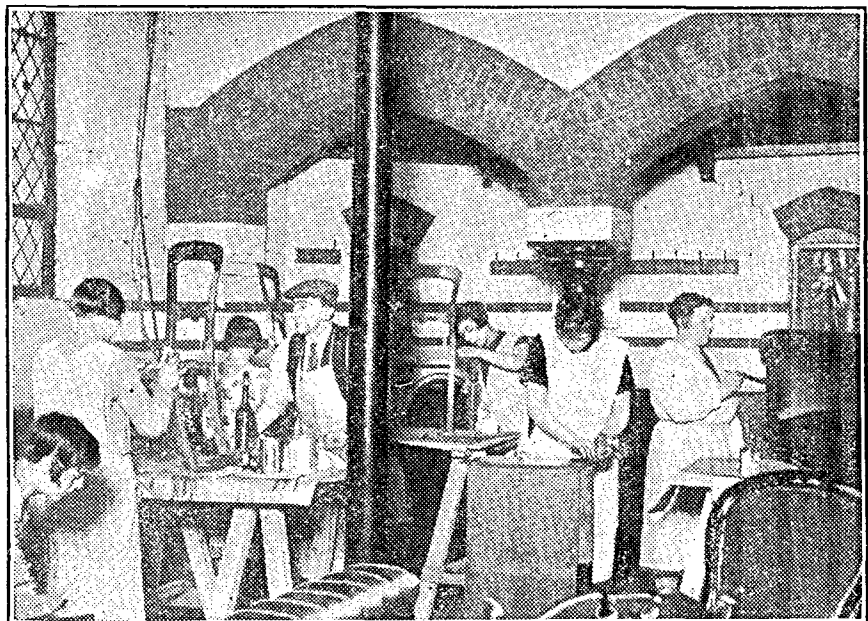
A Magnetic Chessboard—This picture shows a chessboard from which the magnetised pieces will not fall off. It will be useful aboard ship or for invalids in bed.



A First Lesson in Golf—Mr. George Duncan, the famous golfer, gives lessons to boys at the Wentworth Country Club, and in this picture we see him teaching a young player how to hold his club.



Governor as a Scout—Lord Somers, the Governor of Victoria, Australia, who spent ten days in the backwoods with some Scouts, is here seen chopping wood for the fire.



Repairing Flood Damage in a Church—After the great London flood Bermondsey Council took over a disused Norwegian church for the purpose of renovating damaged furniture there.



English Pineapples—These fine pineapples, which were shown at the Royal Horticultural Hall the other day, were grown at Northwood, only fourteen miles from the centre of London.

## THE DRAMATIC LAST HOUR OF EDITH CAVELL—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR FEBRUARY

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